

it/131-1 June-15p

# it

**TRAVEL » John  
O'Groats & Beyond**



**SAU »  
The Schoolkids Move**

**FESTIVALS » Turdpower  
in the Quagmire**



**WALLACE »  
A Heartfelt Tribute**

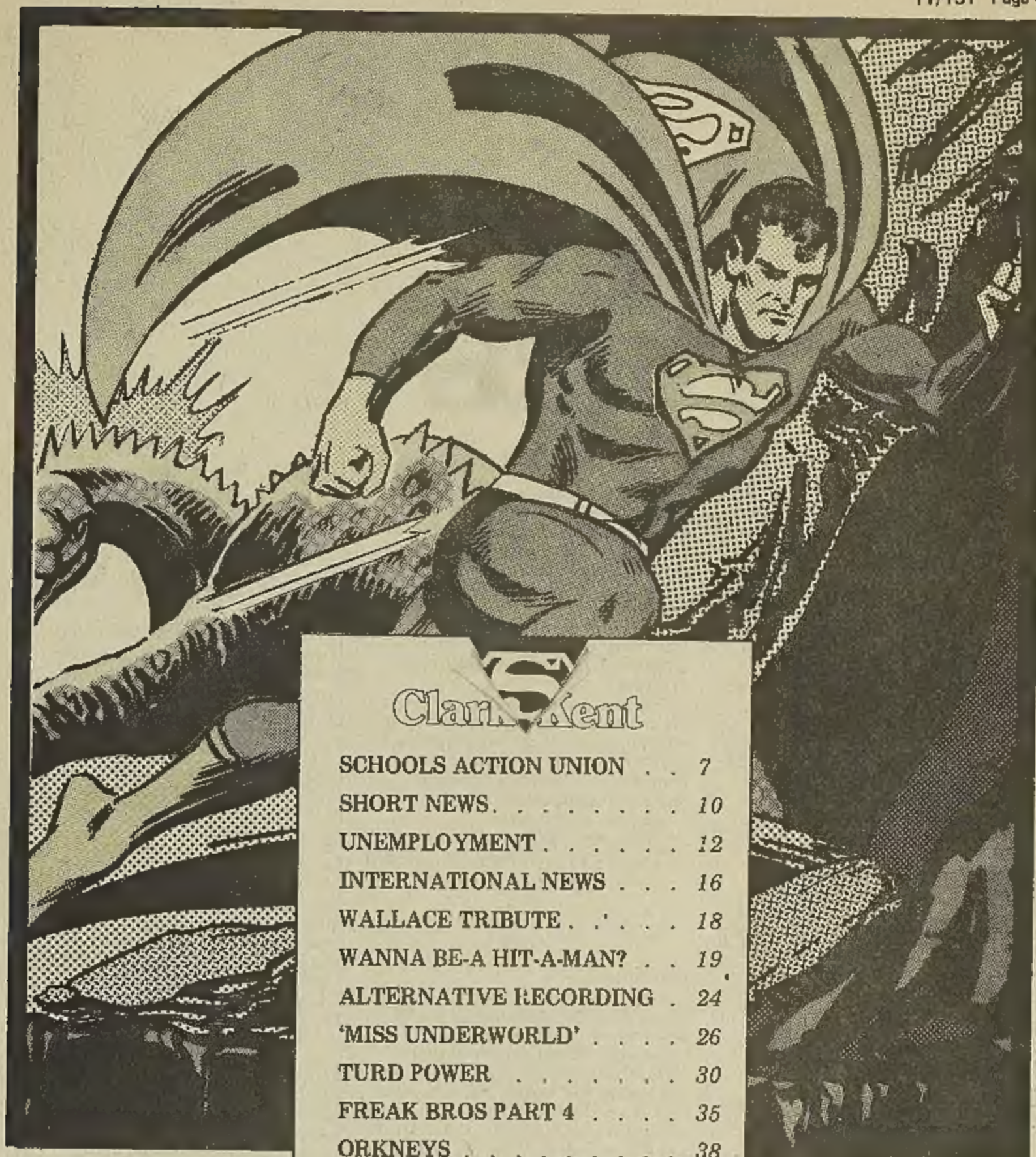




PEISTER'S HENS WONDERING WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON

UCWUX  
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## Clark Kent

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*This issue of IT comes to you through the good offices of OZ and the kind help of Caroline and her performing typesetters, Roger, Jonathon, Bo, Su, Mac, Jane, David, Joy, Brenda and Ges, Felix, Captain Snaps and all our other benefactors.*

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MILD MANNERED REPORTER



# LETTERS

Dear IT,

I've been a follower of your vagaries for quite a while now, I've wandered through flower-power, the revolution, the offing of the pigs and even the latest emanations of your evil genius minds, but that last cover was just that bit too much. Not enough for you is it that we loyal readers arrive at our local dealer's, fifteen (and the less said about that the better) new pence clutched in our hot and sweaties, search the ranks of porn and women's mags for the Big One, when, almost unbelievable though we would prefer it to be, we espy arch gnome Bolan displayed on the front cover, lack of It-girl and full glowing colours notwithstanding. Not enough is it for you to perpetrate this supreme piggy of piggies as an outrageous sop to the buying public, but when we turned, eagerly, wondering what delicious gems of bitchery and criticism you were about to unleash within, to the guts of the mag, we pursued an endless search through the ensuing 51 pages. Gurgie tho' we may have done at the Fabulous Furry Freaks, leer at the lascivious illustrations, thrill to the deeds and derring do of the Galactilites, there was still no Bolan. Well, IT, that's it for me, and quite a few other regulars I should imagine. To use a phrase off your own 'cover': IT—who needs you!!

Yours, Terry Sparrow, Notting Hill Gate.

Dear IT:

"Bolan: Who Needs Him?" Maybe the aging elitists at IT don't, but if there weren't a hell of a lot of poor little Bolanoids out there it wouldn't have been worth your while to put him on the cover. Spare a thought for all the poor little boggies induced to part with a week's pocket money by the glamorous cover shot of Marcky-Poo at the Wembley Pool T. party. The Bolan industry is exploiting the kids enough without you joining in too!

Love, Elvin Jones, 47 Friith Street, London W1

Dear IT,

The White Panther Party UK has formed a Central Committee. It consists of: Jeff Tree (Min. Internal Security), Chris L. Urca (Min. Propaganda), Eddie Haynes (Min. Defence), John Carding (Chairman), Brian Nevill (Min. Welfare), Wendy Willard (Min. Finance), Richard Aulton (Min. Information), Jeff Willard (Vice-Chairman), Linda Nevill (Min. Transport).

There is also a slight alteration to the structure of the Party—in London only—in future there will be only one London 'Chapter' with various branches (it will take a couple of months to implement this, though).

Electric armed love,  
White Panther Party UK, Box 5,  
1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood,  
London SE.

Well done IT,

Ever since you announced your 'Last Ish' and launched off into the new format, things have improved immensely: Really dug your piece with Ed Sanders a few ish's back, and the Legion of Charlies in Nasty Tales Five is a real winner. That's the sort of vibes we've got to put about brothers and sisters, and then maybe some pigs will really get offed. Right On! Power To The People! Free the Stoke Newington 8!

Carrie

Dear IT,

It is a pity that, with your reprehensible piece on Alphonse Capone, the Chicago millionaire gambler and businessman, that you seek to emulate all those WASP pigs who have attempted to besmirch the name of one who could truly be said to have been 'quite a guy'. It is a pity, for us, for you it is merely, the END.

The Black Hand Has Spoken.

Dear Mr Webberman

I've read about your views on Bob Dylan in the past and was interested in your theory about Dylan being over the hill. If you like hearing stories about Bob, then maybe this will interest you. (Maybe not).

In 1969 I hitched down to the Isle of Wight, down south, to see Bob Dylan; naturally I took my trusty Sony recorder with me to keep his performance for posterity. Now I'm sure you've got the concert, right? Well I got to the festival on Friday and on Saturday, I pissed off the nearby town of Freshwater. It was amazing but the place was empty. It seems that all the freaks were watching the WHO or something that night. I dropped into a little pub to quench my thirst and was pleased to see that the house piano player could really play nice. Anyhow, after taping him for a good hour, my pal and I was (sic) astonished, the door opened and Robbie Robertson shoved his face in, he looked round then called back to a car outside, "O.K. Lev, the place is quiet." A few minutes later Bob Dylan and the boys from Big Pink shuffled through the door. I shoved my tape recorder in my food bag and pretended not to notice. (Cool, huh?). The regulars in the pub didn't know who they were, but really dug the American's accents, particularly Garth who seemed to have a cold. (Maybe that's how he always talks).

Some of the Band played darts with the locals, but Bob sat and chatted with the piano stabber. Now I had a fresh cassette in my player from the moment Robertson stuck his head through the door, and it was now recording. The following is a transcript of the tape.

**Cassette 1A:**

Bob Dylan: Hum. Well I think it's good here. Really good.  
Hudson: Who's buying booze? I'm hardbroke and busted.

Dylan: Balls. What you boys want?

Helm: I'll have a beer.  
(General request for drinks. I don't understand. Something like Jack Danny's or something)

Garth: Hell, man, you don't sell bourbon, what a bummer (He settles for scotch).

Meanwhile Manuel has found some darts and asks the locals how the game goes. He is shown and starts playing with them. The other guys join in. Dylan pays the bartender and laughs because he doesn't know what to leave as a tip (British don't tip). He hands the booze around, then sits next to the piano player.

Dylan: Hey man, that's a nice piano you play.

Piano Player: Thank you. Do you want to hear something in particular?

Dylan: Wow! Well, yeah. Do you know "Tambourine Man"?

PP: Uh, let's think. Yes that Byrd song you mean. I'm not sure.

He tries but the melody is wrong.  
Dylan: No, man, that's not it. Can I show you?

PP: Yes, thank you.

Dylan: Now the basic stuff is this (playing). No man, I can't get it either.

Manuel comes over and tries, it's tighter and goes into "I Shall Be Released."

Dylan: Look, do you think it would be okay if we brought a couple of guitars in here ...?

PP: Well, I suppose so, but the neighbours don't like rock and roll much because the walls are a little thin.

Dylan: Hell, man. What do we look like, a rock and roll band?

Garth: Don't worry man, we only play acoustic.

Helm and Danko stop playing darts and go out. (There's a bit on the tape that I can't understand, but instruments are brought in and the landlord says that there is a drumset in a back room. Finally it's

all set up).

The piano player (I think he said his name was George Roberts, so I'll call him G.R. from now on) says that he doesn't know much pop music, but some top ten. He sits at the piano, with Garth leaning against it. Helm sits at the drums, Manuel plays nothing. Bob, Robbie, and Rick Danko all armed with Gibsons.

G.R. Do you know this one? (He plays something from 'Showboat' and the Band strums along).

Dylan: Do man, hey can Richard sit at the piano a while?

G.R. Well, yes, just a minute, you seem to be able to play quite well. Could you play for a little while while I nip out.

Dylan: Sure.

Garth now has his accordion and Manuel sits at the piano. Right now just a straight list of tracks they play.

I SHALL BE RELEASED,  
WHEELS ON FIRE, FARE THEE WELL, ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO, BLUE MOON, I THREW IT ALL AWAY, LAY LAY LAY, LONESOME SUZIE, GOSPEL PLOUGH (tape runs out).

**Cassette 1A Side 2:**

GOSPEL PLOUGH (remainder), I PITY THE POOR IMMIGRANT, ONE TOO MANY MORNINGS (all stop for another round of drinks), YEA HEAVY AND A BOTTLE OF BREAD, CRIPPLE CREEK, THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN, MIDNIGHT TRAIN, DUST MY BLUES, IN SEARTH OF LITTLE SADIE, KATHY'S CLOWN, LUCILLE, OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD, CANDY MAN, MAGGIE'S FARM, SINGING THE BLUES, PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS, CATCH THE WIND (Tape runs out).

**Cassette 2, side 1:**

ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO (Robertson shouts out, "Hell

we've already played that one, Dylan looks at watch and says, "We gotta split soon"), TINY MONTGOMERY, SHE LOVES YOU (They fall about laughing), MIGHTY QUINN.

Dylan looks at watch and finishes another drink. "O.K. boys we'd better go."

ME: Excuse me, are you Dylan?

Dylan: Does Dylan owe you anything?

Me: No.

Dylan: Then I am. What you want man, autograph, huh?

Me: No, well, yes thanks, but mainly I'd like to tell what a good show you just performed.

Dylan: Thanks man.

Me: And I recorded it all (I show him two cassette tapes).

Dylan: Look, can I have them.

My: Why they're mine.

Dylan: You can keep them tapes, I just want my songs back man. What do you want, five dollars, huh?

Me: Nothing.

Garth: Kick that punk over here ...

Me: £10 and your autograph please, Mr. Dylan, that's fair.

Dylan: Hey a real fan.

He gives me two fivers and writes, "To an asshole. Love, Bob Dylan" on a piece of paper. I give him the two tapes and he glares, then walks out. He doesn't realize that I have been recording all his conversation, and he also hasn't figured out that I gave him a couple of blank tapes and to this day I've played his "Public House Concert" about 1000 times. Bob's money was spent on booze celebrating the tapes I've got. THE END.

Well, A.J. I'd like to hear from you soon. Beware of the bootlegs of my tape. Someone got a copy of my stuff and there's a crappy record going around. All the best.

David John Wheatly (D.L.F.)

# MY BACK PAGES





# THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT!

When four thousand kids strike for better conditions, it's hard to laugh it off as a harmless prank. 'Schoolchildren on strike!' cried the passing commuter, 'it's the beginning of the end.' Two organisations are currently claiming to speak for kids: the Schools Action Union, variously described as Maoist, Anarchist, Trotskyite and Marxist-Leninist, called the strike in support of six demands — no school uniform; no caning; no detentions; schools not prisons; no victimisation; rules to be decided by the whole School; and the National Union of School Students, backed by the NUS, propose a campaign within the existing structure and believe that responsible and moderate action can still yield results. The kids, however, aren't having any — independent, articulate and enthusiastic, they can very well speak for themselves.





'Considering the SAU is supposed to be a 'really well-organised group', the demonstration on Wednesday was a bit chaotic.... The strike was successful if the demonstration was not. Five thousand kids walking out of school is pretty good....' Fourth year pupil at Emmanuel School.



The technique is simple. First a small number of agitators secure the attention of Press and television by a strike demonstration, "Sit-in" or other means. Then, counting on the indifference of the majority of their fellows, they form a "union" or similar organisation and claim to speak in the name of all. Thus what in the beginning was merely empty and ridiculous acquires a kind of power, insubstantial perhaps, but still making a valuable contribution to the great cause of national weakness and confusion. (Peter Simple, *Telegraph*)



"We are going forward into a new era, we are now in a position to win through, and this new display of solidarity by the comrades will show the education authorities we will not give up." Simon Steyn, SAU press officer.



"Fuck this shit, someone roll a joint." 11-year-old in Hyde Park.

'There are undoubtedly sinister forces at work seeking to manipulate the Schools Action Union....any boy who fails to appear...I shall forthwith suspend, unless he is a very young and foolish boy, in which case I shall cane him.' C.C. Kuper, Headmaster of Emmanuel School, London.



Some teachers ... have turned a blind eye on a handful of publicity-seeking boys and girls and allowed them the freedom to incite others in their schools to acts of meaningless militancy. And it is little wonder that children are impatient to jump on the anti-establishment bandwagon when they see not only students but also their own teachers behaving as militantly as dockers and railwaymen. (Daily Telegraph)



Schoolchildren who strike or demonstrate should be caned. Children have no rights. Only people who earn their own living have rights. It's time children were kept in their place. (Letter to *Daily Mirror*)



"They seem to be after something beyond these simple reforms of the school system, which in the end could result in the destruction of the existing establishment." Guy Rogers, senior secondary school inspector.



A man awaiting trial on arson and fraud charges walked out of jail in Copenhagen on the strength of a release order distinguished by grammatical errors and over 20 spelling mistakes. He wrote it himself.

London:—The Prison Officers Association conference has passed a resolution to appoint a psychiatrist to help screws who are cracking up under the strain. The delegate from Feltham Borstal, Mr. Stanley Hodeon, complaining about the Home Office policy of permissiveness and lack of discipline, said, "Take away any form of internal discipline, let them grow beards, moustaches and shoulder-length hair, allow them to do as they please, have any pornographic magazines they choose to read, and you have created the first hippies' Borstal." New staff arrived freshly trained on how to encourage boys to lead a good and useful life, and in no time were on the verge of frustration and breakdown. They changed from "young, smiling, enthusiastic men to tired worn-out shells of what they once were."

Mr. Clifford Boone, 86, is seriously ill in hospital after being savagely mauled by a six foot kangaroo on Granite Island, S. Australia. The animal was shot.

London:—As Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press (publishers of early Burroughs, Sartre and Durrell) prepare for their forthcoming obscenity trial, new trouble hit the press that publishes the classiest porn in the business.

Girodias discovered last week that bogus obituaries of his publishing empire were being spread around the country. Fake letterheads and phony clippings telling of Olympia's imminent closure were sent to leading members of the publishing world and allied organisations where such information would cause the maximum harm to Olympia.

This series of stabs-in-the-back coincides with yet

more trouble for Olympia: 'Inside Scientology', a recent work which claims to lay bare the truth about Scientology, the scientific religion headed by living guru L Ron Hubbard, is due for publication on 20th June. Scientologists have laid an injunction suit on Girodias in an attempt to keep this latest passie of revelations well beneath the counter. When the Church originally heard about the book, the galley proofs, at that time in New York, vanished mysteriously from the printer. With this new bunch of problems for the firm, Olympia insiders are hazarding that dirty work is afoot.

Scientology, a religion whose attempts to preserve its good name are never far removed from the courts of many lands, have failed in their only known attempt to stop publication—100,000 dollars was offered to Olympia to remove all offending passages. "I wouldn't take five million," retorted Girodias.

## HOME NEWS— Politics Can Pay,

*By feeding his hens a vegetarian diet an Australian chicken farmer has developed a super egg containing more vitamin E and less polyunsaturated fats.*

Leeds:—Trouble in the Leeds Police Force is both frequent and dramatic: over the past few months police officers have been accused, charged or tried under a variety of headings ranging from manslaughter to bribery and wrongful arrest. The tally is Inspectors 2, Sergeants 2, and Constables 2—which must say something about how deep the rot goes. In the adjoining West Riding Authority the Chief Constable was recently under a cloud after having been accused of using police vehicles for private journeys—although naturally these charges were not substantiated.

As whitewash has a curious affinity for bent policemen it will come as no surprise that this spate

of overzealous activity on the part of Leeds Police has led to a number of votes of confidence. One was carried out by no less a person than the Home Secretary, Mr Reginald Maudling, whose name is not unknown in court and legal circles (The Jerry Hoffman Fraud Act, etc). The latest report however, comes from unexpected quarters—in fact, from the NCCL. This might surprise those followers of criminology who remember police/coloured relations from the case of David Oluwale, a coloured vagrant found dead in the River Aire over a year ago.

*A Cambridge Company has started a 24-hour graffiti removal service, they guarantee to remove any slogan within a few hours using a new cellulose emulsifier.*

Det. Insp. Geoffrey Ellerker and Det. Sgt. Kenneth Kitching, originally charged with manslaughter, were eventually found

## & other snippets...

guilty of assault and were imprisoned. I suppose one solution to the mystery is that these two unfortunate policemen didn't read the handbook properly ...

*Yemini Ministers have renounced thewing qat, a mild narcotic leaf. They say that the habit, practised by millions of Yeminis, is hitting economic progress.*

Leeds: The new Labour Council have promised immediate action against all enemies of the environment following a 'Yorkshire Post' series on the amount of shit in Yorkshire's many rivers. Their first target is the massive Knostrop sewage works, managed by (you guessed it) Leeds Corporation.

**POLICE STONED.** 100s of Africans hurled bricks, bottles and fruit at police in Johannesburg after a man was shot following an alleged bag snatching.

Liverpool: Following the change from Conservative to Labour control of the council, financial support will be forthcoming for the Liverpool Free School, an organisation aimed at catering for the kids that nobody else wants. Moves are consequently afoot to have the School fully registered under the Education Acts, which should give statutory recognition. At the moment it is run on a shoestring, and faces certain local opposition which is not unconnected with the fact that the kids who attend the school can do exactly what they like.

Hull: Again, due to a change in political control, the Hull Arts Centre has been promised financial support. Currently they run on about £10,000 a year (5 actors at £20 per week=£5,200) and provide a wide range of entertainments for every night of the week. The main support-

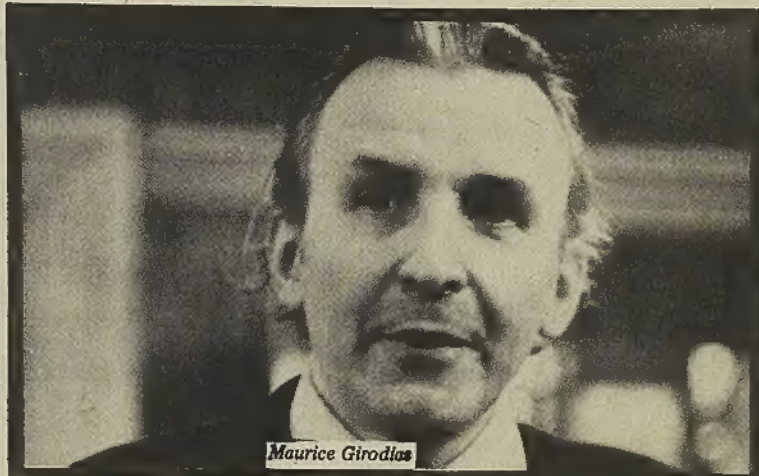
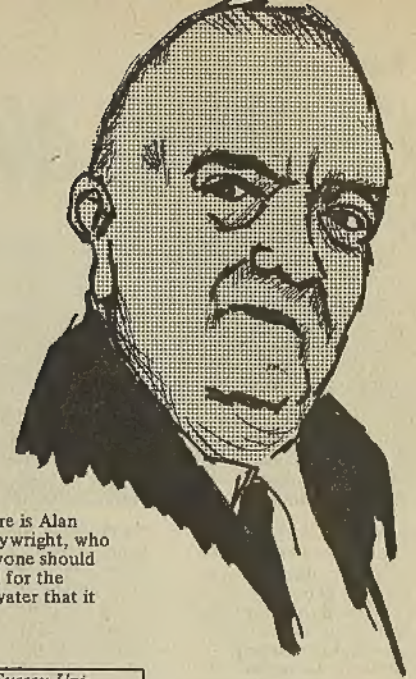
er of the Centre is Alan Plater, the playwright, who more than anyone should recognise Hull for the cultural backwater that it is.

*Defending a Sussex University student pleading guilty to ten charges of possessing drugs, Mr. Anthony McCowan said "it appears that hippies and peddlers make a habit of sleeping in halls of residence, bringing in drugs and persuading weak-willed people like my client to buy quantities and disseminate them."*

Coventry: An immediate decision has been made by the new Labour council to allow pupil participation in schools. The scheme will allow one pupil representative on each

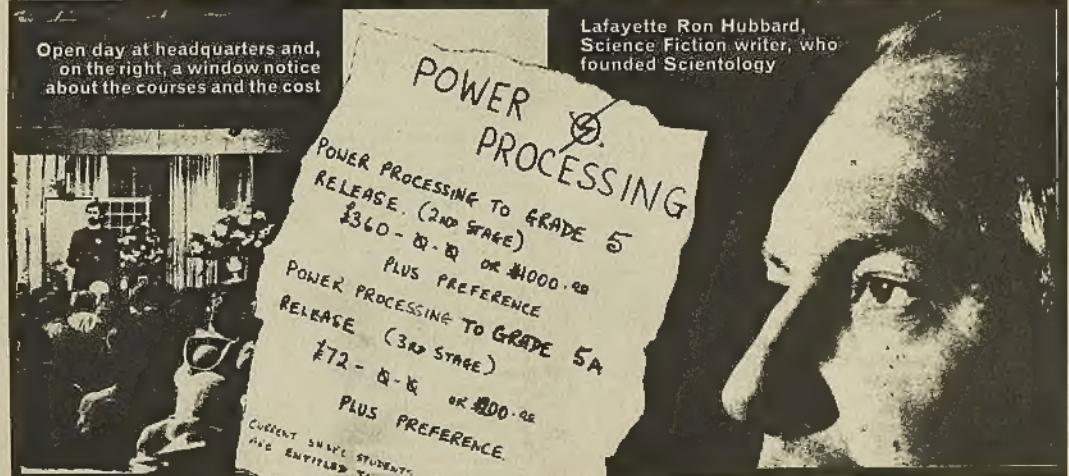
school board of governors. It has been reported that students who are 'a bit rebellious' will not be discriminated against. It is also reported that the Conservatives have pledged strong opposition to the move ...

Seventy-five thousand jans were expected at this month's International Frog Jumping Jubilee at Angels Camp California. Three thousand frogs competed.



Maurice Girodias

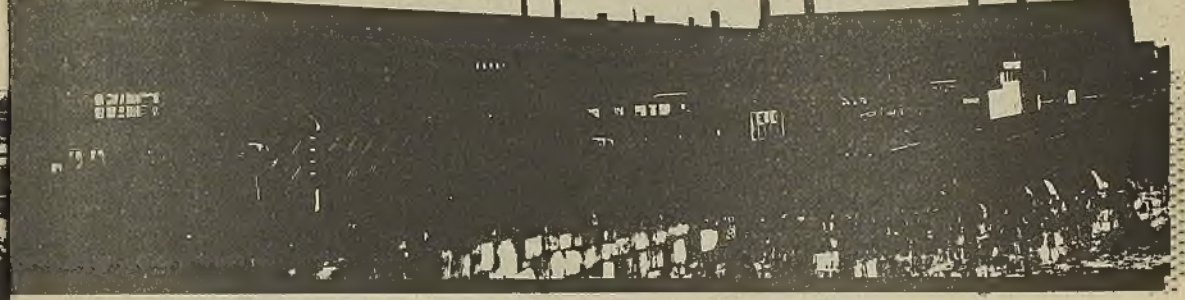
Captain Snaps



Lafayette Ron Hubbard, Science Fiction writer, who founded Scientology



# DATELINE: BARNESLEY DATELINE: BARNESLEY DATELINE



## DATELINE: BARNESLEY Metropolis of moral decay. MAY 21st.

A lot of cowardly snivelling subhuman beings are "out of work" here today. They cluster in small pathetic groups outside the pubs wherein they have just drunk away another government handout. Sometimes a pale shape disassociates itself from a group and shambles listlessly into a betting shop to put a last pitiful penny on some horse. A look at the waxen face, into the dead and shrunken eyes, tells the same old story: Unemployment !!!

You are looking at another gutless wretch, unable to cope with his glorious responsibilities as a member of the proud workforce of this great nation of ours. Another slob to whom the starvation and degradation of a wife and children means less than his "freedom" to sit and drink himself to oblivion daily on money provided by a chicken-livered government with a misplaced sense of charity—money drawn from taxes paid by honest decent citizens like you and me.

This man and his brothers in turpitude are leeches, sucking at the vital veins of the commonwealth, growing weak and lazy at our expense. Is it fair, is it right, that we, the British Public, should continue thus to nurture the viper at our bosom? Of course not. These "men" must be made to play their part in the unfolding drama of Britain's Economic Growth. A good spell in the army is what most of them need. A bit of discipline. A lot of hard work. Then, perhaps, we will see the transformation of these spineless wretches into men, fit to walk (and work) erect and proud in England's green and pleasant land ....

## DATELINE: BARNESLEY Leisure centre of the universe. MAY 21st.

I stood entranced today watching streams of animated faces pouring forth from what must be the most telling evidence yet of the success of Her Majesty's Government's economic policy. I refer, of course, to John Rideal House, the largest, newest, most impressive building in Barnsley. Named after an eminent Barnslovia philanthropist, this magnificent tribute to modern thrusting go-ahead government is the spiritual home of a newly created class—the "leisure operatives", who make a weekly pilgrimage to collect their "dole." All thesefortunates have to do in return is abjure boring outmoded passe "Work." Of course, it's early days yet, and reactionary malcontents can still find trifling inadequacies on which to

**"Leisure operatives, our new Vikings!  
We salute you; lean and hungry men.  
We rejoice in your manhood, in the  
exuberance of your life, raw essential  
rich challenging life".**

hinge their paitry arguments. These carping cranks will point out, for instance, that the "dole" paid weekly to an unmarried man amounts to considerably less than the average student grant with less security. But we all know (don't we?) that students are grossly overpaid; and anyway, the fact that a man knows not when or whence his next meal will arrive somehow puts him in touch with his early ancestors, proud hunters and warriors all.

What, after all, is security? Security is for the pusillanimous, men who are less than men. The Dole

is not for such as these, no, no, leisure operatives, our new Vikings! We salute you, lean and hungry men. We rejoice in your man-

hood, in the exuberance of your life, raw essential rich challenging life. And if, for the time being, your happy lot cannot be that of everyman, yet those of us who must continue in our daily drudgery surrounded by the glittering pap necessary to our boring humdrum existence—cars, regular food and good, colour televisions—we can labour on, happy in the knowledge that in this monotonous desert of twentieth century life there is, in a little northern town; in the Welsh valleys; in Tyneside; a new frontier, a new morning, where a new and nobler breed is beginning to fulfill man's real destiny ....

## DATELINE: BARNESLEY MAY 21st.

**"Leisure operatives, our new Vikings!  
We salute you; lean and hungry men.  
We rejoice in your manhood, in the  
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rich challenging life".**

The "Right to Work" march sloganed past a few weeks ago. A few local vocals joined them. Quite a lot didn't. Examining motives is a middle class pre-occupation. You may call me "Pongo."

The Elizabethans discovered tobacco, legalized piracy, romantic mariners, pointed beards, and social security. They called the latter Poor Law, and what it amounted to was the social contract of village communities—Man functions best when he arrives at an understanding with other men, lives alongside them, working to

the common good. It's a question of efficiency. If it takes a man a week to plough a field of size 12 perches by 23 poles, when can he find time to make his clothes, prepare his food, fashion and repair tools, etc? Society is a large bargain between many individuals. In the Elizabethan rural community, a poor man's neighbours gathered to protect him. That was fine—the population was stable, there was economic balance. By Victoria's time, unfortunately, one or two changes had come about. Like agrarian and industrial "revolutions" Like depopulation of the countryside, teeming warrens in overpopulated towns, like poverty on a huge scale, like growing unemployment as industry became more "efficient" and less based on the social contract. These little side effects made the Poor Law scale of operations redundant. In the mid 19th century, "rationalist" elements began seeking reforms—of a kind.

Not, however, the radical social reforms so obviously required; the reforms merely of the vested interests of the landed aristocracy which over years had effectively supported complete legislative stagnation in the face of manifest social and industrial change. These "rationalists" tended to alliance (who said "unholy"? ) with the trendy individualist philosophers and protestant church leaders, and produced a strong opposition to any idea of government responsibility and/or control of collective action for society.

Also guilty was the prevalent determinist economic policy which stressed the inability of government action to change the lot of the poor.

Morality? O, that's for the individual conscience, man ... There was, of course, God; God is Love, the evangelical Christians chorussed. They were against "unnecessary suffering". Ho ho. So there you are.

Paternalist government by the rich for the rich versus disincorporate bodies of workers with platforms and no power. And, as always, the interests of the rich and powerful were the change factor. Sickness in the filthy slums slowed production. Crime became a major growth industry. What a surprise! Cure, naturally, being preferable to prevention, the early government reforms were in the fields of public health and crime prevention. Then education—more literate factory fodder needed to run ever more sophisticated machines. What was done about poverty and unemployment? Fuck all, naturally.

The "humane" paternalism of the Poor Law was altered in the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. The suffering and needy no longer would receive succour, why no, in order to reduce demand, those who asked for and received aid were to be stigmatised as "paupers." Relief to the able-bodied (i.e. the unemployed workers) was only to be given in institutions wherein conditions were even more unpleasant than outside. The work houses. These conditions applied not only to the unemployed, but also to all classes of destitute humanity—the physically and mentally ill, the aged, the orphans. It was a pretty effective deterrent, justified only by the belief that the individual was responsible for his own condition. For most this was transparently untrue, but the state, it was averred, couldn't provide separate treatment for these. There

were private philanthropists who could, and did, help. Unfortunately they, like the executors of the Poor Law, had too many calls upon their benison. To limit demand (!) they employed the distinction between "deserving" and "undeserving" cases—just like the government.

Time passed. Nothing happened. The poor died young. In 1906 a Liberal government clawed it's way to power (that's the sort of thing that happens when you give plebs the vote). What did they do? Not much; didn't want to scare their middle class supporters. They reformed a few things—health for schoolkids (investment for the future); old age pensions (well, we are Liberals), probation and Borstal training

they're still around.

A "world" war. Appalling generalship (Earl Haig "the tank will never replace the horse") cut down some demand, but not enough. The 20 years between the wars—read Orwell, he was there—continuous industrial and economic depression, cuts in welfare services. 20% unemployment meant that funds needed exceeded funds "available." So the old Poor Law attitude prevailed.

Deserving? Undeserving? The media, as always, helped—Lord Rothermere, the people's friend, pouring abuse on the workers and the unemployed from the cozy fastness of Fleet Street. Even in spite of this idiot pressure, though, it began to be realized that maybe the economic system itself was to blame, just a little,

**"Another slob to whom the starvation  
and degradation of a wife and child-  
ren means less than his 'freedom' to  
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on money provided by a chicken-  
livered government with a mis-placed  
sense of charity".**

(protection of society). They set up employment exchanges and resettled the unemployed. Most of this was placed in the hands of charitable foundations—the government assumed, probably correctly, that the organisations were better organised than its own paraplegic bureaucracy. Of course, the foundations abounded with religious fanatics buying souls with aid. It's just one of those things ... Noticeable, too, that those best favoured in these minuscule reforms—employees and kids—were those most useful in national/ social economic terms. Help the ones we need, we'll deal with the others later ... if

not merely the individual. The Poor Law was seen (by some) to be inappropriate, not merely in scope, but as a deterrent. In a revolutionary step unemployment assistance was removed from the ambit of the Poor Law and placed in the hands of the Unemployment Assistance Board. WOW!!! This far-sighted brilliant piece of inspired legislation had the staggering effect of changing absolutely nothing. The whole thing, Poor Law and all, was abandoned in 1948. It had been redundant almost 200 years.

During the Second "World" War, a government report "Social Insurance and Allied Planning" finally recognised as mandatory the State's acceptance of responsibility for the welfare of the people. Among other things, full employment was a prime objective (N.B., Heath, you cakistocrat). What happened? Fanfares, trumpets, cannonades; THE WELFARE STATE ... a great leap forward. Aided, as ever, by the press, people assumed that this was unique to Britain (Most still do). This led to a supposition that, since no one else had such a system, ours was a luxury, not a necessity. Read the Mail or the Telegraph letter column any day ...

The Welfare State is a heap of shit. It has a good image, though; mainly because the people it doesn't help are scattered individuals with no voice. Tough luck, misfits.

So here we are, now. The Welfare State. Based on an ideal of social contract totally irrelevant in industrial/capitalist society. Based, a little bit, on socialist ideals of equality. But, look, we know about the Tories; what about the Labour Party record? 40 years of sporadic attempts to gain equality: of opportunity. That's to say: equality of opportunity to be unequal. 40 years attempting to capitalize politically on worker greed. Yea h, greed—we've been in the dark and cold too long not to grasp for money, security, all those things we never had. What's that got to do with the Welfare



# IE: BARNESLEY DATELINE



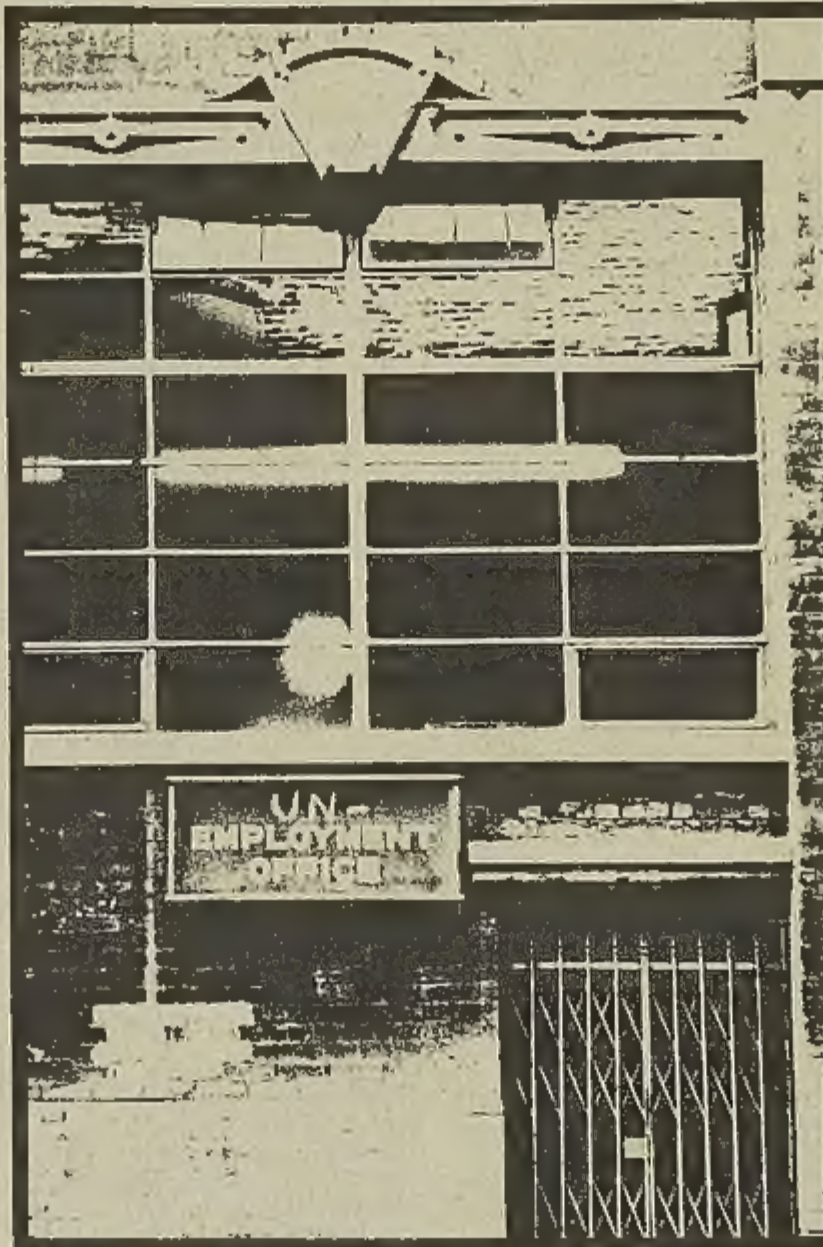
State, with unemployment?

Just that, as long as the urge to gain, to acquire, dominates all levels of society, anyone who can't or won't will be the asshole of society. The acquisitive society's moved a long way from the social contract. We invest in those we need, the rest are a drain on our resources. Maybe we should base a new contract. We invest in those we need, the rest are a drain on our resources. Maybe we should base a new contract on society's terms: recognise that welfare is an investment. Forget about aiding those who will not materially assist the future. Help the young (tomorrow's workers and consumers, folks), the sick who will recover.

Ignore the rest. Except that might create an annoying beggar class and spoil (fanfare, neon, 21 gun salutes) THE ENVIRONMENT. Better, and much more in tune with the capitalist bases of 20th century Britain, to kill as cheaply and painlessly (in that order) the unemployed, the old, the chronic sick, the disabled, the mentally ill; anyone else in the way of *Economic Growth*; use the bodies for glue or phosphate fertilisers. Criminals, too.

\* \* \* \*

Today, me and a million



"I'll build neither pyramids nor cars for the Ford fascist Pharaohs. I'll work for society, to keep us all alive and well. I'll grow food if you mend my shoes. Till then you can take your employment and your 'Right to Work', and you can stuff them up your ass with a barbed wire plunger".

others, socially contracted to the Queen, Edward Heath, etc. Unemployment Benefit, Balls. Right to Work, Balls.

When a community or society gets unwieldy, too diverse in it's aims; when it's industry becomes too sophisticated, its conurbations too overwhelming, when the function of the individual gets too specialized, too far removed from an end product of living, that's when social services are necessary. The Welfare State, Social Security, it doesn't matter what name you dignify it with. It's just an overworked mason vainly patching the crumbling fabric of a decaying society. Sure, give me the right to work. But not as a slave in the capitalist machine: I'll build neither pyramids nor cars for the Ford fascist Pharaohs. I'll work for society, to keep us all alive and well. I'll grow food if you'll mend my shoes. Till then you can take your employment and your "Right to Work" and you can stuff them up your ass with a barbed wire plunger.

\* \* \* \*

DATELINE: BARNESLEY MAY 21st.

The Government has so far failed to abolish money. I hereby claim the Right to Shirk as mine. Anyone for tennis?



**SAIGON (LNS):**—"Mam has been tortured by police interrogators night and day for 20 days at a time. He can barely see. They shoved 200 watt light bulbs in his eyes until his face became inflamed from the heat. Then they would stop (and start again when the puffing went down)."

A seventeen year old high school student released from the Saigon Interrogation Center the first week in May brought back this report on Huynh Tan Mam, chairman of the Provisional Representative Body of the Students of Vietnam—a group which represents student unions from all five major universities in South Vietnam.

Mam, in prison since 5th January, was arrested while leaving the Faculty of Medicine where he is a student. Only recently have Saigon officials acknowledged the arrest. The reason for the most recent in a long series of arrests, Mam's friends explain, is a statement that he issued

on January 2nd, strongly opposing American policy in Indo China.

The unidentified high school student, who spent more than a week in prison with Mam, said the student leader "has been beaten badly by the police," that his legs are paralysed and that he has undergone electrical shock and truth serum injections in an effort to make him confess to communist activities.

Mam was arrested a second time on 30th August 1970. The fourth

annual National Student Congress had convened in Saigon to discuss "Military Training in the Universities". Police invaded one of the open meetings which was held on the campus of the University of Saigon, and with the help of American-supplied tear gas, helicopters and small flame rockets, broke up the Congress. 117 students were arrested and many were badly beaten. The government charged Mam and the others with "treason" and they spent

a month in prison before they were released.

## VIETNAM— Rome demo; Saigon torture

**Rome (LNS):**— 50,000 people demonstrated in Rome May 13 to express their solidarity with the fighters of Vietnam and condemned the American aggression there. The Italy Vietnam Committee, a coalition of youth, trade-union and left-wing groups organized the demonstration which was the biggest of its kind in five years. It culminated with a massive sit-down on the Plaza del Popolo in the center of the city. Many of the demonstrators came from factories where they are currently staging militant sit-in strikes.

Ricardo Lombardi, of the Socialist Party, declared in the keynote speech that "Nixon has been driven out of his mind by the resistance of a small people against the military might of a powerful nation and by the rebellion of the American youth."





**GLASGOW (Black Box)** — Two weeks after the "Derry killings" Pastor Jack Glass and his Scottish Orangemen held an impressive demonstration in Glasgow's city centre. The march, organised by Glass's 20th Century Reformation Movement in less than a week, was in sharp contrast to the demo held in protest at the killings. Then 600, mainly students and I.S. and I.M.G. groups, marched.

Glass got over 5,000 people, predominantly protestant working class, onto the streets in support of "British troops in Ulster." In the front ranks of the march was a Glasgow Magistrate, Derek Neilson, a strong supporter of Glass. Later at a rally the Pastor spoke of the 'Historic occasion', "we have made history, this is the first march in support of British troops since the start of the Ulster troubles." He also promised the crowd that "Protestant Loyalists in Scotland will never stand by and see a united Ireland."

According to John Adams, Grand Secretary of

the Loyal Orange Institution of Scotland, the threat is not an empty one. In late '71 he said, "In Glasgow hundreds of Scots were ready to take up arms and sacrifice their lives if necessary to defend Loyalists in Ulster." He promised "over a thousand recruits by the end of the year." "These men have given us their qualifications, most of them are ex-soldiers and know how to handle a

gun. They are prepared to use them if necessary."

### BLOODY CHAOS

A few days after this statement the Irish Solidarity Campaign took to the streets calling for an "End to Internment" and "Withdrawal of all British Troops." The Loyalists came out to counter-demonstrate and caused bloody chaos. The

Rev. Glass set the mood for the day when he charged and tore down the tricolour from the head of the ISC ranks. Demonstrators were bombarded with beer bottles and stones as they set off and throughout the entire route they were time and time again attacked by the Orangemen. Passers-by ran for the safety of shop entrances as the heavy mob charged the demo with open razors. One of the victims was Inspector George Johnston of Glasgow Special Branch.

### GANG WARFARE

The Loyalists succeeded in wrecking the ISC rally. Later in their hundreds they laid siege to Glasgow Police H.Q., volunteering as witnesses for those of their number arrested. When the Orangemen appeared in court it was amidst the most massive security operation ever mounted in a Scottish courtroom.

As Ireland can trace much of its sectarian troubles back to the influx of Scottish Protestant settlers, so likewise can Glasgow trace its back to the turn of the century when the descendants of those early settlers returned along with many Irish Catholic immigrants. Glasgow's infamous gangs also trace their heritage back to this period. The Gorbals soon became the ghetto of the Irish working class and Bridgeton the Loyalists ghetto stronghold. Separating them was the River Clyde and Glasgow Green. It was on this municipal park that some of the most horrific gang warfare recorded in Scotland took place between the two gangs, the Catholic gang "Cumbie" (name taken from Cumberland Street, Gorbals) and the Protestant gang "the Billie boys" (name from King Billy, William of Orange, Victor of the Boyne). It was the rivalry between them that built up much of Glasgow's tough "No Mean City" image.

### SUPPORTERS BATTLE IT OUT

Rangers and Celtic are symbolic of Glasgow's sectarian heart. Celtic founded

by a priest still keeps close contact with the R.C. church Rangers to this day have not employed a Catholic. Everytime these two teams meet a battle takes place between the Fenian forces, with their tricolours and rebel songs, and the Loyalists with their Union Jack and songs of praise to the crown. That this symbolism spills onto the terraces and supporters battle it out in the streets surrounding the grounds should surprise no one.

This is Glasgow with the lid off ... an unpleasant sight it exposes the "myth" of Clydeside solidarity. From birth the Clydesiders are segregated by the deep religious feelings of this sick society.

The Labour Movement in Scotland must wake up to the tremendous advances being made by the Right in the form of Orange/Unionism and take positive steps to check it. For if not and the kindling flames of orange backlash already evident in Ulster really erupt the flames would spread to Scotland so fast that when they do pull their heads out of the sand, it will only be because they will be licking their ass's.

### TEL AVIV (LNS) —

Police using water cannons and for the first time in Israel, tear gas, broke up an angry Israeli Black Panther demonstration on 1 May. Sixty demonstrators were arrested.

The Black Panthers were organized in Israel on 3rd March 1971, by a group of Jews of African and Asian origin to fight the discrimination which deepens them, along with the Arab population, in poverty. Israel's population (within the pre-June 1967 borders) consists of roughly half African and Asian Jews, 40% European Jews, and slightly over 10% Arabs.

This ethnic division is also by and large a class division. The majority of Arabs are employed in unskilled and seasonal work, the Afro-Asian Jews constitute the bulk of the Israeli semi-skilled working class, whereas the European Jews are the foremen, professionals, bureaucrats, and business-



## INTERNATIONAL- Chaos, riots, & sexist shrinks

men. The situation is aggravated by the special treatment given to new immigrants from the Soviet Union, who are favoured with housing and jobs to which the Afro-Asians have no access.

In an expression of solidarity with the Black Panthers, Israeli new-left groups converged on Hebrew University and demanded that the university condemn police brutality and call for the release of the arrested pro-

testors. In response to the university's refusal, students occupied the administration building in what was believed to be the first such takeover of an Israeli university.

The "May 2nd Movement", founded by the Black Panthers and young socialist groups, demands the release of the prisoners, condemnation of the police and prosecution of officers accused of violence.

### BOSTON (by Allen Young)

—More than a dozen members of Gay Male Liberation (GML) came to the annual convention of the Eastern Psychological Association (EPA) at Boston's Sheraton Hotel on 27th April and 28th, to challenge the psychologists' role in the oppression of gay people and to present the gathered delegates with four demands. After considerable parliamentary haggling, a vote was taken, and the organisation turned down the gay demands by a vote of 221 to 120.

Eric Shumbach, a member of GML, was granted time to present the demands to the assembled delegates in the Sheraton's main ballroom.

### ELECTRO SHOCK TREATMENT, CASTRATION

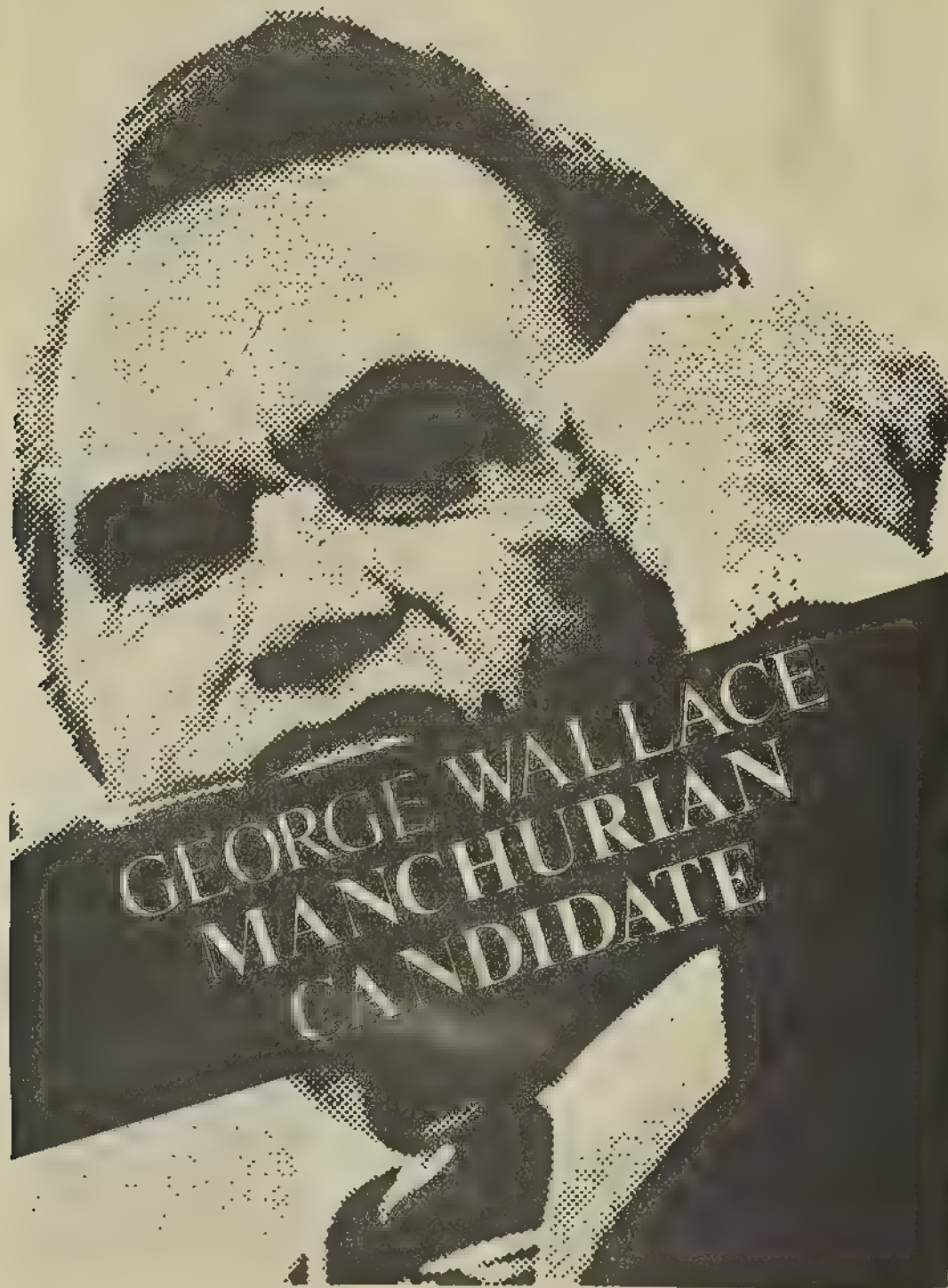
The demands were:

- 1) We demand the EPA and other such associations use their influence to put an end to the use of all drugs and experimentation (jebotomies, electroconvulsive shock treatment, castration) developed by psychology as instruments of coercion used on homosexuals and others (3rd world, women, poor) locked in prisons and mental hospitals.
- 2) We demand an end to similar practices in outpatient therapy.
- 3) We demand that this EPA convention publicly repudiate all psychological and psychiatric theories, studies and literature which aid in sexist oppression.
- 4) We demand that members of the EPA and professional community seek forms of counseling

in existing institutions which call into question the principles underlying oppressive, sexist attitudes, the forms of therapy which conform more fully to the real needs of all 'patients' involved.

Prior to the gay liberation presentation, anti-war activists within the EPA had presented an anti-war resolution aimed at psychologists working for the military. This resolution was overwhelmingly defeated by a hand vote, after the meeting chairman suggested that the EPA, as a "scientific" organisation, should not get into "politics."





# How Would You Like To Break Into The Exciting High-Paid Field Of Professional Murder?

Do you see yourself as the hit-man, a cold-eyed killer whose very glance can mean violent death? Is it for you, the way of the Chosen Few; the job with no pension, no insurance, and strictly no retirement date? Can you join the ranks of the destroyers Frank 'the Enforcer' Nitti, 'Goodtime' Louie Abandonato, Tony 'Little Fats' Mozzarella? If you think you can make the grade, if you're just interested, or if you're already one of the boys - Paul Raley tells you what it's all about.....

How many times have you walked down the street late at night with your eyes fearfully riveted on the dark, swarthy-looking stranger standing on the corner thinking, "why, I'll bet that man is a professional killer!" Take heart, it's happened to us all, many times, as people in the dead of night take on a sinister aura simply because their real identity is obscure in the blackness of the hour. Why, chances are most likely that that late-night aser-eyed lurker is nothing more than an unemployed field accountant, a substitute bat-boy, or a common Negro slave.

But what if he is a registered, card-carrying contract killer? And what if, somehow, you just know the stranger on the corner is a true, top-drawer exterminator. What are your feelings in this situation? Do you want to run? Call out for help? Whimper? Vomut, getting some on your hand? What are your inner-most emotions as you study this feared Relinquisher of Life? Be honest about it, do you admit to a strange, carnal twist of secret admira-





tion? Do you find yourself envying this man? Wondering at his virtual bankruptcy of conscience, pity, sympathy and remorse? Do you look to yourself and say, "Hey, I wonder if I could be like him? I wonder if... **I COULD BE A PROFESSIONAL KILLER?**"

## Maybe I can cut it?

It's not so strange a question. Hundreds of young people, bored with the humdrum, day-to-day, nine-to-five, rat-race of computer programming, motel management and insurance peddling have asked themselves the same question: Can I Qualify? Do I have what it takes to step into this ground-floor opportunity in the challenging, high-pay field of Ending Lives? Do I have the self-confidence, the Certain Something necessary to make life-and-death decisions, the immeasurable inner quality so important in this demanding occupation? In short, **CAN I CUT IT?**

## Of course If...you apply yourself!

If you can say "Yes!" to the following two questions, well, then the exciting, fast-paced field of Killing-for-Hire might just be right up your alley!

### 1. DO I HAVE THE MACHISMO FOR SUCH A DEMANDING JOB?

There are some people who just aren't cut out for spraying another man's innards all over the sidewalk. "Flower children," "Fags," "Hippies" and people who get sick at the sight of blood, for instance, can just about forget it! Another undesirable to the discerning Utopia of the Underworld is someone who, after reading the headline of this paragraph, has run to his gun catalogue to find out where he can get one of these "semi-automatic, rapid-fire, fast-feed bolt-action Machismos they're talking about!" This person is an idiot. And the Wonderful World of Wasting People isn't interested in his kind either.

Machismo, for those of you who may have forgotten, is that unmistakable inner quality that Chutzpa, that pair of Big Brass Babies needed for this discriminating profession. How do you know if you have Machismo?

Well, it's kind of like the old saying, "Some of us have it, and some of us don't." Interestingly enough, it's a lot like what Catholic priests refer to as "The Call." Yes, it's a kind of enlightenment, a kind of sublime peacefulness that settles over the Chosen Killer of Man to let him know that, it's OK. God wants him to kill. Yes, it certainly can be likened to other deeply religious experiences such as being baptized, sitting Shiva, or laying concrete at your buxom sister-in-law's.

Unfortunately, there are many professional killers who dispassionately perform their mission without the drumroll of emotions that the Chosen Few experience, but this is because they kill for reasons other than the pure elation of serving God in the best way possible. They kill for temporal, worldly goals such as money, fame, revenge, or parking space, in Soho. They were driven into "The Life" by external pressures and, as a result, they don't enjoy what they're doing. It's just a job to them. They make messes and don't clean up. They shoot in the back, hit a bystander, and fail to leave a note on the windshield of the car they've just exploded. These men, unenlightened, misinformed, devoid of that Certain Something, are classless boobs in a field of daisies. **IGNORE THEM!**

### 2. DO I HAVE THE PATIENCE REQUIRED OF A TOP-LEVEL DESTROYER?

Can you wait, interminably if you have too, for just the "right moment?" This question is most important in that many young hopefuls simply can't control themselves. They have to get in there and "blow somebody up", to put it in their hip vernacular. And while their intensity is to be rather dubiously admired, one must keep in mind that many of these industrious souls want only to "glom the glamour" they don't want to subject themselves to any of the tedious but important background work necessary to bringing off a perfect hit. In short, **THEY DON'T WANT TO DO THEIR HOME WORK!**

A classic case of unpreparedness occurred when Little Joe Zangara, an independent out of Miami, attempted to assassinate President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Joe, like so many young people, failed to establish a particular "Zapping Procedure" for himself, and he blew his cover when he began screaming

obscenities in the audience and pointing his loaded revolver at the bandstand while bouncing up and down. To his credit, he did manage to shoot and kill then-mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak, but blew the impact of this admirable deed by informing the stunned audience that he really wanted to kill Roosevelt! Kids, if you do manage to blow up the wrong dude, keep your mouth shut!!! You may be doing someone a big favour, granted, but too often you wind up fragging another brother's mark. Remember, nobody likes a scab in this business so **BE COOL WITH YOUR HOT TOOL!**

## Okay! But... how do I break into big time murdering?

There are many avenues into the Big Time Turf of murder-on-assignment, but unfortunately, because of the very nature of the business, the preparation for such an entry is left more to the individual than to any specific school or training facility. The Syndicate, until only recently, offered a fine programme at their "Off-Campus" in Appalachia, N.Y., but this facility was suspended because of an unbelievable dearth in top-quality candidates. It seems that many of the fine recruits gathered at the Italian university were being drained off by rival "assassination academies" such as the FBI, the CIA and the Pontiff's Swiss Guard.

So the educational paths to such an outstanding profession have all but perished. According to statistics, a proliferation of rather pedestrian candidates five years ago backfired, rendering the schools too impersonal, the instructions too non-specific and the graduation classes too green for the outside. What followed was a rash of bungled jobs and mishandled contracts. Somebody would leave a hat or a glove. (One graduate left a sock, can you believe that! How can someone leave a sock!?) Another nerd let his face be felt by a blind man. Still another returned to the murder site to "watch Kronkite." A fourth wore snowshoes and left tracks. Another brought a friend along who grew up with the intended victim and they started talking about "the Scouts" or something. This kind of shoddy work-

manship didn't go unnoticed and the upshot of it was a lot of unsolicited attention reflected back on the school. Well, the administrators took immediate steps to deflect this sudden notoriety by issuing eight-to-ten contracts on their own recent grads, but this only resulted in a student demonstration outside the school. It was the first demonstration where students were fired upon by National Guard and faculty alike.

Incidents like this do little for the reputation and perpetuation of our much-needed accredited assassin academies.

## Fine! But level with me...How do I go about drumming up business?

A legitimate question. It deserves a straight from-the-shoulder answer. But only if you've already answered "Yes" to our questions, because if you don't have the patience to wait for the right opening and if you aren't possessed of the all-important Machismo needed for this Blast-off Business, telling you how to set-up shop could be disastrous. Can we risk it? What? You say we can? Okay, Future Fusilade! Read on!

### 1. GET YOURSELF A GUN... AND PRACTICE!

About the best advice for a young torpedo is simply to start out slowly, don't take on more than you can handle at one time. Purchase a starting pistol or a soap gun first. Carry it around with you everywhere you go, but especially to historically volatile events like hockey games, wrestling matches or Bloomingdale's on Saturdays in December. Practice keeping your head in these situations remembering that the only person who should ever get a glimpse at your weapon is the victim and that mother should be gawking at it cross-eyed. But if you do feel an overpowering urge to display your piece, do it around a blind newswoman or an airline steward sitting in an Upper East Side bar...someone who either won't see the thing or will have seen so many things that this will go by unnoticed. See how it feels to actually level a pistol at someone's face at point blank range, see if you feel that inner

warmth, that Certain Something we talked about earlier. If you do, you can be sure that God's up there saying, "Go ahead, La Mar (If this is not your name, please forgive God. He's excited too), pull the trigger!" It's okay, I want you to do it!" If you hear Mr. Big saying these things, if you feel that rush of blood to your head, that surging in your loins and those tiny polyps of sweat forming between your forefinger and the trigger, then you are now ready to go out and get yourself that .38 caliber snub-nose Smith & Wesson Karer Killer, you are ready to begin!

### 2. USING A REAL GUN NOW. ARE YOU? WELL, SHOOT IT IN THE HOUSE FIRST.

After you've purchased your Smith & Wesson, practice carrying it around, feeling its heft, loading and re-loading it, drawing it, holstering it, cleaning, polishing, disassembling, wasting,

changing and burping it. Grow to love it. It is your friend, but it won't work for you unless you lavish constant attention upon it. Soon, if you talk to it enough, you'll hear it talk back to you, telling you how touch you are, how many you've become, and it will wonder aloud how you look in the nude. Try to avoid these scenes as they can only break your concentration and wind up in embarrassment.



Illustration by Yossarian



for both of you. After you've carefully weaned your weapon for some time, you should begin to withdraw your smothering affection and begin to deal with it in a cool, business-like manner. It might not understand at first, but after a while it will reach maturity, and accept the relationship that's developed between it and its employer. It will now kill, indiscriminately, for you.

Practice shooting your gun in the house. If you live in New York City, you won't have to worry about attracting neighbours with the sound of gunfire because, in Manhattan, neighbours, muggers and magazine salesmen are only attracted to your apartment when you are sleeping, the door is open, or you have been dead for close to a year. So fire your gun at will. You might drag in a neighbour-bod cat, or a hotdog vendor and use it for a target. Both are good as targets, as cats are dumb and hotdog vendors are interminably slow, especially in making change. Give him a five dollar bill and shoot him.

After you've killed the hotdog vendor you may think you are now ready to go out and solicit employment on a regular basis. Don't kid yourself, you need more practice. As was stated earlier, the best targets are stationary ones. Ones that either don't or can't move. Many hospitals can provide a list of both, as they are well-stocked with non-ambulatories, quadriplegics and drunks who wander in at all hours. Most night nurses are more than happy to avail themselves of these cripples, for a small fee, just to get them "off the goddam ward," as they so aptly put it.

### 3. YOU ARE NOW READY FOR THE STREET! GET YOURSELF AN AGENT!

The importance of having an agent can best be measured in the long run, after he's spread your "rep" by getting your name in the columns, and marketed your services to people in other cities. Whatever you do, don't become impatient with him, he may put you on to an "Angel."

An "Angel", in the world of killing, is nothing more than someone with a lot of money. You may not like these types, but remember, he may be your ticket out of the country after a particularly sticky assignment. This is where your agent comes in handy incidentally, as he's obviously better equipped to deal with these people than you are. But be ever watchful of the relationship between your agent

and your "Angel." Without you the deal is off, but agents are shrewd and they're always trying to wangle multiple deals out of men with money. One such deal involved the agent and the "Angel" for an infamous hit man who will here remain nameless. It seems that the unwitting "Angel" was anxious to back a real gangland slaying and the agent set it up by telling the "Angel" he'd be backing not one, but two sure hits. He told him he'd be backing the "Death of a Salesman" and the "Killing of Sister George!" Luckily, for the agent, both productions showed a profit.

### 4. GET YOURSELF AN ALIBI A NICE FRONT.

Always, always, have two or three witnesses and a steel trap alibi. One excellent way of avoiding connection or corroboration with a recent murder is by propounding a well-established place of business. Something legit and inconspicuous. Avoid exotic alibis and fronts at all costs. Don't expect the heat to bite when you tell them, "I was out selling anti-farm machinery hill-to-hill!" or "I was working as a housefly de-winger in a Quaker hospital". Remember, nobody likes a funny murderer.

## Now, what are the retirement benefits? How can I... bow out gracefully?

Unfortunately, retiring from this hectic life is often out of the question. At other times retirement comes a little early and unexpected. But winding up an exemplary career in murder is always easier if you let your agent move you into less exciting, but more secure endeavours. Don't be surprised if, all of a sudden, you find yourself...

- A) In Comedy! Sitting on the Carson Show, heartily guffawing about that Anastasia blood-bath a few years back!
- B) On a Transatlantic Jet, trouble-shooting for a major conglomerate! For some unexplainable reason, when the home office informs its errant subsidiary that "Jimmy 'The Knife' will be down to go over the books," corporate heads marvel at the expediency with which divisional

headaches clear!

- C) Doing Commercials! Willy Sutton is a prime example of someone continuing to rip-off the banks. Now he's making commercials for them! And how about you? As an ex-professional killer, you could offer your name to Gm-Control commercials, Police Department Promos and Public Service Drug spots.
- D) Lastly you could go into politics. Time was when only a man of the utmost credentials could ever dream of landing a seat in the senate, but today, everybody's getting into the act. Charles Evers used to be a pimp. Ex-Mayor Hughie Addonizio took bribes. "But those are petty crimes," you say. "What about me? I can't go into politics? I'm an ex-murderer!" Remember Chappaquiddick.

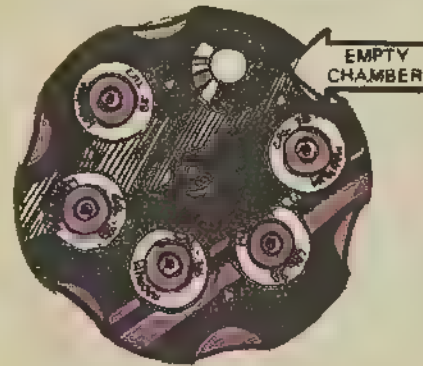
## Good Luck to you in your new job!

So it's a rewarding life, that of Professional Killing. I know, I was a kid like you once, looking for the better way, and I found it just like you have. Oh... I'm in jail now, sure, I was arrested for Income Tax Evasion and sentenced to five years. "Sap," you call me? Well, maybe. Maybe I should have fought the decision instead of getting my agent to register me in prison one full day before I actually got there. The day old Doc Johnson took a fall, wasn't it? Oh, by the way, they never did find old Doc's killer, did they? Hmmm. Huh? Who, me? Don't look at me, Judge, I was right here in prison serving time! Look, it up in your books, Judge, you'll see. Honest, I'm clean.



## 'BIG AL FURKINS'

# CRIME TIPS



## A WORD TO THE WISE

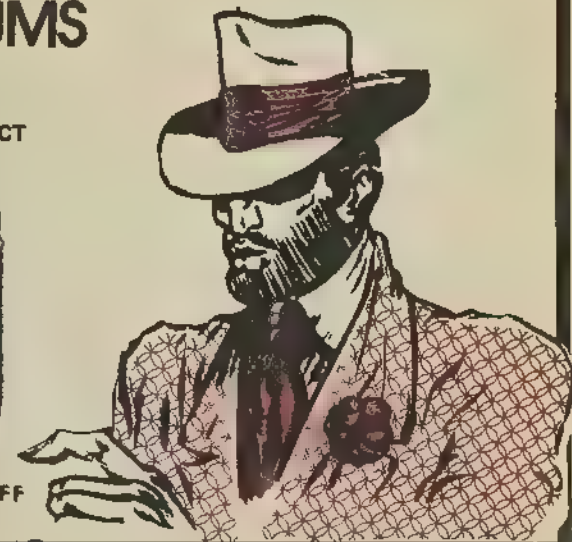
MANY HIRED GUNS CARRY AN EMPTY CHAMBER UNDER THE FIRING PIN. IF YOU CARRY SIX BULLETS YOU HAVE THE EDGE.

## CUT YOUR DUM-DUMS RIGHT!

NORMAL BULLET INCORRECT CORRECT



WHEN CUTTING DUM-DUMS DO NOT CUT OFF TOO MUCH METAL. JUST FLATTEN THE END.





# HOLYGROUND

'...the dilemma of anyone who believes that rock is, in some sense, revolutionary. Part of rock's appeal has always been it's glamour, it's commerciality and it's flash. We're loathe to think about any other way of doing it.' Simon Frith looks at one alternative.

Rock fans are amazingly incurious about the process that brings them their music. They notice price rises, mutter about capitalist rip-offs, resent Rod Stewart's second Mercedes, but even the intelligent music press turns a carefully blinded eye to the machinations of the industry of which it's a part. How many interviewers mention the press agent in the corner? How many reviewers thank the promoter who rushed them the record? The fact remains that while the message of rock may sometimes be subversive—the medium, despite the posturings and the long hair, is defiantly reactionary. The rock business is business at its sly and manipulative worst. Yet even the musicians, who know most intimately what kind of show is involved, rarely get beyond dreaming of 'better ways to get our product to the people.' It is exactly that conception of music as product that is so dispiriting. Rock liberation should mean not alternative ways of marketing product but alternative ways of sharing music. One such alternative is being explored by Mike Levon and Dave Wood, who run an independent recording studio in Wakefield.

## PAUL REID, JOANNA STARR, & THE £1-per-hour METHODS..

Mike and Dave started Holyground Enterprises in the summer of 1967—the boom time for hippie entrepreneurs. They thought that a recording studio would be a good way of supplementing their regular incomes and so, armed with £100 worth of tape-recorder, etc., they converted a bedroom in Mike's flat and joined the £1 per hour demo-making business. They soon had a trickle of work from the cabaret singers of Yorkshire's Variety Club belt, anonymous names like Paul Reid and Joanna Starr, semi-pro groups like the Methods. A typical job was providing 20 LP's of mood music for a chain of Bingo Palaces. After a year of this they had learned several things. First, they weren't going to get rich quick—even a big deal like the Bingo music only brought in £20. Second, they weren't going to get rich at all—semi-pro singers and their managers were remarkably adept at vanishing or going bankrupt and Holyground found itself dealing more with solicitors than with musicians. Thirdly, it was no longer riches that they wanted. Recording mood music was not fulfilling and meanwhile they had been getting to know local rock musicians. Mike and Dave found it increasingly difficult to distinguish between liking a group of people and liking their music, after sharing home and food it was difficult to remember to make studio charges. The studio stopped being a place of business and became a place in which to make music. Holyground had reached this position not from any

great ideological principles but simply from the logic of the situation itself. They found that they couldn't simultaneously treat music as a means of honest expression and as a product to be used for money making. By the beginning of 1969 they were still doing demo work but were spending more studio time with friends, musicians reached through ads, and assorted visitors.

The music that they eventually put together came out as an album in Autumn 1969. It was very much private music, with only 99 copies pressed (to avoid paying purchase tax) which mostly went to friends. Since then Mike and Dave have been working on improving the studio and sharing more widely the music made there. They converted the landing



...ELECTRIC HAVENS: "THESE VOCAL RECORDINGS WERE MADE BY RICHIE HAVENS WITH ACOUSTICAL GUITAR DURING 1963 AND 1964..."

THE ELECTRIC CONCEPT, THE ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTATION AND HARMONICA WERE ADDED IN 1968 BY...AHN... DOUGLAS!....

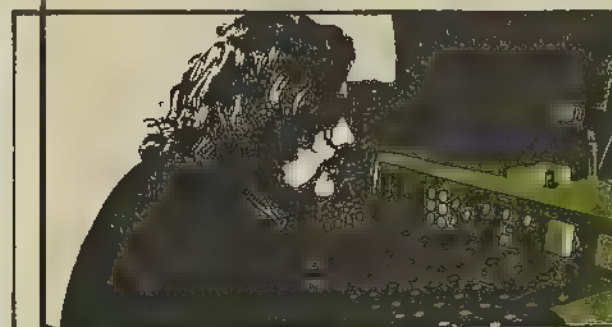
cupboard into a control booth and installed a 2 track tape recorder, a proper 6 channel mixer (home made), an echo unit and compressor. Mike reckons that over the five years they've spent about £1000 on equipment of which they've got back maybe half from demo-work. The rest has come out of their regular earnings and savings. Though he's reasonably satisfied with what they've got he would like more room (the flat is over a small shop in a scruffier part of Wakefield) and there are a lot of extra gadgets that would be useful (like stereo recording facilities). He doesn't yearn for 32 track machines and the studio still charges only £2 an hour (compare Apple's new studios which cost half a million pounds to set up and charge £30 an hour,

with overtime for evenings and weekends). They still do bits and pieces of professional work but they've been getting increasingly inefficient as entrepreneurs, forgetting basic studio rules like charging five minutes as a full hour, including meal-breaks, etc. They aren't making money but they have put another record together, *Astral Navigations*, which came out last autumn.

The music for *Astral* was again written, arranged, played and recorded by Mike, Dave and musicians from Wakefield and Preston. There were no payments involved, either to the musicians for performing or to Holyground for recording. It's extremely difficult to point to the usual distinctive roles of engineer, producer, musician—it was just 400 hours of eating, drinking, and making music which was eventually edited down to 45 minutes. 250 copies of the album were pressed (at a cost of about £160) and Holyground designed the packaging themselves (a plain white bootleg sleeve with pictures in the form of stick-on labels, an eight page booklet with words and details, the whole thing in a paper cover which can be opened out into a poster) doing everything down to the letter setting. The printer's bill was £40. The total cost of the album was, then, £200 plus the cost of the tapes and travelling expenses (£80) of hiring a van to move equipment around. Also the cost of food, substances, etc. And a lot of time. The original intention had been to sell the albums at £1 but this would have meant a loss even if all 250 copies went, so a £2 price was fixed in the hope that they could sell 150. If they could guarantee bigger sales they could sell the album much cheaper.

## LOW KEY HUSTLING

By the time the record was finished Holyground was broke, and there was no money available for advertising in any organised sense. They had to rely on low key hustling. Yorkshire's alternative paper, *Styng*, ran ads for them free; John Peel and Pete Drummond both gave the record some air time, Radio Leeds and Blackburn used it as local colour, a *Styng* write-up was reproduced in *Ink*. Some interest was aroused although it is a drawback that it is a studio record—they can't use live gigs to make the music known. A playing group can spread the word just by playing. The other problem was distribution. Holyground is two people with full time jobs. They don't have time to hawk the record round shops and, although some local stores have carried copies and *Frendz* offered to act as a distribution centre, they depend on people writing for the record direct. This isn't very satisfactory—you have to be pretty trusting to buy an album blind. Most independent record companies use commercial distributors but Holyground want to keep



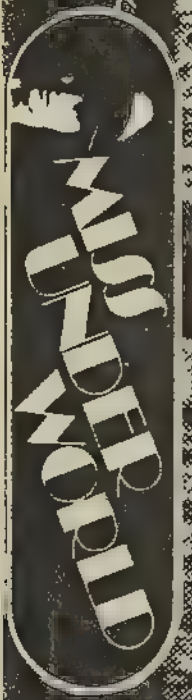
ABOVE Mike Levon.

RIGHT Dave Wood.

LEFT: the *Astral Navigations* sleeve/poster design







After seeing a picture of John New York, Wilson said that she "was pegged." Miss Suspect, after playing off a game of hide-and-seek, played dead. On October 24, 1951, she said the title of "Miss Norm" when she took the pleasure of Albert Katz's too many red hair, one might be home in "Look to Hell from a Suburban" when ten bullets were where she should have been. "Looking for a Girl" and the night of September 24, 1950, Judge Hanson was caught with a single slug, though, and wrote "Most Beautiful" George in Queens County, the only one connection coming from Anthony Little, Angie's friend who played her late wife in on the "Great River" with "St. So to you, Joyce, Hanson who took all the blame, a top well turned girl, from the time she left the "Miss America" contest, that maturity to the well lighted door of a "Miss America" in Jackson Heights, was of our own. "The Great River" in Queens County, the only one



...AS RICHIE NO LONGER PERFORMS THE MATERIAL CONTAINED IN THIS ALBUM, ELECTRIC HAVENS HAS BECOME A COLLECTORS ITEM IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF ITS RELEASE!"

YOU... AHHH... BEGINNING TO SOUND JUST LIKE SOMEBODY WHO PUSHIN AN LP...

HEY! CAREFUL WIF MY DELICATE FIBERS! I NOT PUSHIN NO LP FOR DOUGLAS... I JUS... ER... HAPPEN TO GROOVE ON RICHIE HEAVENS...

DAT IS... AHH... MY SHOT RECORD... [SHHH... SHUTUP DUMB BELL OR YOU'LL BLOW DA WHOLE SCHMER!...]... ANYWAY, I NOT PLUGIN'D IS REAL WONDERFUL RECORD.

OH I WISH I WAS IN DE LAN OF COTTON

YOU STUPID BASTARD! YOU PUT DA WRONG RECORD IN DA ALBUM JACKET!!

the control over the record that they've retained through the rest of the process and don't see why, if they and the musicians are making nothing, someone with no connection with the record's creation should take a cut. For the same reason they've ruled out using the bootleg distributors. Bootleggers are as much in the music product business as EMI. Dave would like to see some sort of 'underground' distribution system throughout the country which would handle not only records but books, magazines, news, etc.

### "THE ROCK COMMUNITY IS A MYTH"

Neither Dave nor Mike know how many albums they've sold so far. I would guess fifty, most to the same community of friends who bought the last one, a few to postal enquirers. There are no arrangements for royalty payments, no publishing companies to snap anything up. They expect to lose at least £100 on the whole thing but their pleasure in the music was making it, all the album was supposed to show was that you don't have to be a superstar in a million dollar recording studio to say something interesting and original.

Holyground have two aims for the future. They want to be able to devote themselves to the studio full time, to expand its facilities in better premises with better equipment, and they want to continue as an independent studio with full control over what they record and how they get it to people who might be interested. They want to be available for anyone who's got something to communicate on record or tape. They believe that everyone should have access to recording facilities and that the people who make music should control it (a free recording studio could also challenge the monopoly by expertise of local radio by preparing work for broadcasting). Unfortunately, as Holyground are well aware, they need money to maintain and improve the studio and they won't get it by providing free facilities. Their major concern is how to finance themselves. The first alternative is to carry on as usual and use professional demo-work to subsidise free rock sessions, but Mike and Dave believe they can only do this as long as it doesn't work, as long as they aren't making very much money. If the demo-work started being very profitable immediate conflicts of interest would arise. Would they turn down a £1000 session just because they'd promised some incompetent amateur studio access? Organisations that do work by subsidising have an apparently unavoidable tendency to spend more and more energy on the money making activities until even the supposedly subsidised acts come to be assessed for profitability. A second alternative

is to make enough from sales to cover the recording costs. The aim would not be to reproduce the existing market system but to get the 'consumer' involved in the studio, by having some sort of subscription scheme. People would support the studio rather than a particular record and this could be combined with co-op style profit sharing. Anyone buying a Holyground album would become a member. Without such consumer involvement the rock community is a myth. Another possibility would be to have some fund, whether set up by an arts council, some rich daddy like John Lennon, or by taxing the record industry, to which musicians could apply for the cash to finance a record (over which they would keep control). They would use non-profit making studios (Mike and Dave only want

enough money to live off) and the fund could also set up a similarly non-profit pressing plant with free access. The snag would be how to judge such applications—look at the existing Arts Council competition in the respectable Arts.

It's a nice dream but Holyground's ideas only emphasise the pervasive consumer fetishism of rock as it is. Rock music depended on the technical breakthrough in the means of music production that allowed many individual people, separated in time and space, to have access to the same music. But the potential liberating effect of this is denied in the record industry, as in the other mass media of our society, by the fact that the relationships of music production haven't changed. The technology of recording

has only served to mystify and deny most people access to the recording medium. Rock fans have been firmly convinced that you have to have expensive equipment to make music, that becoming a rock group means investing thousands of pounds, that recording means paying £30 an hour for 16 track machines, that records must be stereo, or, coming soon, quadraphonic. Expensive recording equipment, like radio and TV equipment, is effectively kept from communal control by the suggestion that one has to be an 'expert' to use it (besides needing the capital to reach it). The belief that musical quality is related to technological expense is firmly entrenched. Dave knows that *Astral* has lost potential listeners just by being mono (though the sound is clear enough) and he's been told that Apple's £30 an hour studio 'must produce music fifteen times better than anything you could do'. Radical actors have effectively destroyed the notion that you can judge theatre by its expense account: rock's rapidly settling up the same old structure, with much the same effect. It keeps the control of the medium out of the community and in the hands of those with capital.

### MUSICIANS TO BLAME

Rock firmly maintains its division of labour. The potential democratising effects of a mass medium are negated by the distinction between stars and audiences, by the cult of producers and engineers. It also serves to provide the parasites of rock, the managers and agents, with the chance for profit: they act as go-betweens for the artificially separated groups. Dave believes that the musicians are themselves a lot to blame—somehow being excessively rich has become intrinsic to their music. Holyground's chief goal is to destroy these divisions, their effect is to freeze the rock community as a community of consumers, organized to buy and listen but not to create or share (recent innovations like Rolling Stone or Virgin Records are essentially consumer organisations). Holyground found there was no good way to share their music without going through the usual market just as many musicians have found that they can't live off their music unless they go along with management and agencies. There's no community to support them direct.

Holyground's experience points up the dilemma of anyone who believes that rock is, in some sense, revolutionary. Part of rock's appeal has always been its glamour, its commerciality and flash. We're loth to think about any other way of doing it. Who cares about Holyground when there's a new Stones album due? For how much longer can we be the children of Marx and Coca Cola?



Jagger - the hippest capitalist, and Big Daddy Lennon - a suitable case for pensioning



# TURD POWER & THE DO-IT- YOURSELF FESTIVAL

Festivals tend to be a pain in the arse. In order to half-hear some amazing or not-so-amazing music people get robbed blind, experience absurd physical discomforts (some are even killed) and in the process help kill off another bit of starship earth. All this is stupid and unnecessary there are other ways of doing things. Colin Moorcraft explains a few.

## WASTES: SHIT

*How it's done now* Crapping is one of the few creative acts shared by all the people involved in dinosaur festivals yet the organisers of these events despise and maltreat turds. They are regarded as a problem. They provide a handy lever for the opponents of festivals and make no profit for promoters. The organisers set up restricted access chemical toilets for themselves and their fellow parasites (pop hustlers, press hacks, etc), whilst the people who pay for the festival queue for hours for an unpleasant crap. The toilets are often stinking, overflowing quagmires after a few hours of use. After a few more hours their walls are often removed for the construction of shelters and the fuelling of fires. Subsequent crapping can be very cold and wet.

Once the promoters have collected a quarter of a million turds they are faced with the problem of getting rid of them. The usual answer is to pump them into a tanker and take them to the nearest sewer. This is a tragic waste of potential fuel and fertiliser as well as a significant contribution to water pollution.

*How it could be done* Turds should be seen as an asset and the places where people come together to deposit them should be temples. If they are left with other organic wastes (such as piss and food wastes) to decay naturally in a sealed airtight container they are broken down by bacteria and other microscopic organisms to form a crumbly, odourless solid residue which is an excellent fertiliser and various gases which are better fuels than petrol. This process has been operated on various scales (including the village level in India) for many years and is bound to be the sewage treatment method of the future when technology is re-related to natural cycles. The heat generated by the process is sufficient to kill any microscopic organisms dangerous to health so it is safe to return the fertiliser to the soil which helped to create the plants which helped create the animal which helped create the turd which, etc. The temple-crap-house should celebrate and enhance this closing of the circle. Communal crapping, seats for all, the more the better.

## WASTES: PAPER

*How it's done now* Paper consists of re-constituted tree corpses and should be treated as such. The corpses fall thick and fast at festivals. They are used to make throwaway sleeping-bags,

throwaway plates, throwaway cups and to spread the printed word (mainly advertising). Organisers tend not to think about waste paper until the morning after when the inane lies of semi-comatose news hacks are dutifully splashed across the pages of the Daily Bigot. Hippies Trek Home Through A Sea Of Waste. There's usually a pic of a few weary freaks picking their way through the discarded paper and there's a story about a few broke people being exploited as ultra-cheap labour to pick up the offending tree corpses. Efforts to collect paper are often half hearted and are worthless, as this paper is given to the refuse disposal department of the local authority who then truck it away and either bury or burn it.

*How it could be done* The paper= litter=dirt hangup is a product of the superficial visual preoccupations of the Keep Britain Tidy mentality. Waste-paper would be better left to rot into the ground than given to local authorities—except for the exceptional authorities (such as that in Worthing) which actually collect paper separately from other wastes and sell it to pulp mills for recycling.



into a lower grade of paper or board product. Even in the latter case it might make more sense to dea, direct with a pulp mill.

Before any paper is used it should be ensured that the use is necessary, and that any possible further use is exercised once the original function has been performed. Once a magazine has been passed around for everyone to read it can be used as bedding or shelter material and then be consigned to the crap-house-temple as bogpaper. If paper is left lying around after a festival it can be lightly ploughed into the soil rather than laboriously collected by hand—it decomposes in a similar way to rotting wood and acts as a mulch.

As well as handling tree corpses with the reverence they deserve steps should be taken to promote life processes by the planting of trees and shrubs. This could be an imprecise gesture to replace the dead trees as well as a precise move to create shelterbelts to protect crops, to extend hedges (which increase the diversity of wildlife and act as a hangout for living things that control the population of 'pests'), to yield crops themselves (fruits, nuts and bits and pieces that can be used to make wines), to reduce erosion of sloping terrain and to make passing humans happy.

Having said all this I hope this article has some effect and doesn't just add to the tree cemetery.

## WASTES: OTHER ORGANICS

*How it's done now* Other organic wastes produced include food wastes—half chewed sandwiches and hot dogs thrown away in disgust, orange peel, banana skins and so on. They are usually treated as part of 'the litter problem' and collected together with waste paper and then buried or burnt.

*How it could be done* The proportion of food wasted could be reduced by the preparation of edible food and by the non-wasteful use of ingredients used in the preparation of that food. The waste could be further reduced by cutting down on packaging of the end product. Discarded food wastes can be fed to livestock (including dogs on-site and omnivorous goats off-site) and composted for subsequent return to the soil. Any that cannot be handled should be passed on to organic farmers and gardeners who would be happy to compost it themselves.

## WASTES: INORGANICS

*How it's done now* A considerable weight of metal and plastic is thrown away with the paper and food wastes. Much of this is used to wrap up the food. Few bottles are sold or thrown as the organisers are usually too frightened that they might be used as weapons when frustration and disgust build up to a sufficient level. All these valuable resources are also either buried or burnt.

*How it could be done* Use of plastics and metals could be drastically cut to a minimum and maximum re-use made

of them. Sheet plastic is an excellent waterproof outer skin for shelter and metal containers have many uses. Inorganic wastes should be collected and sorted on-site. Some of the material (e.g. aluminium cans) can be sold, but some of the rest (e.g. tin cans) is as yet unsaleable. The best strategy might be to store the latter until the recycling industry picks up in this country. The last thing to do is to bury the stuff in an unsorted state—thereby making it ultradifficult to retrieve the materials when they are needed. Containers made from unrecyclable materials should be avoided but if there's no choice but to use them it would be as well to return the containers to the manufacturer after you have finished with them (and let him face up to the responsibilities of his activities).



## WATER

*How it's done now* Getting some water is even more difficult than having a quiet crap at a festival. The taps dribble all day straight into the ground so that you can only get to them by wading through acres of mudflat. When you finally get to the tap the water is cold and cold only (even the backstage parasites are lucky to get a squirt of hot water). The taps are usually the only source of water for cleaning, drinking, cooking, etc. If you want to cool off by splashing around in a pool of water you can't. The net result is that little cleaning, drinking, cooking or splashing around takes place.

To add insult to injury, whenever it rains there is water everywhere in your sleeping-bag for instance. Very little (a polite way of saying no) effort is made to adequately drain sites.

*How it could be done* The whole site should be drained in such a way that any water moved around is put to use. By making maximum use of rainwater and/or by drilling wells it might be possible to avoid bringing in a piped

water supply (this could greatly widen the range of potential sites). The drainage system should include a holding pond or two. One pond could have a butyl liner and a small filtration system to supply drinking and cooking water. Thanks to the eco-pollution boom there are now a good few portable small-scale water filtration units.

Another pond could be constructed more simply by digging holes, moving earth, building up embankments, blasting, damming and so on. Such a pond would not need a liner but if the soil or surrounding rock were porous it might be necessary to inject it with a chemical (marketed under the name Geophil) which makes it impermeable. This pond could be used for splashing about in and to hold soapy water used for cleaning. After the festival the ponds would be usable for watering livestock, culturing fish and irrigation. Soaps rather than synthetic detergents would have to be used if cleaning water were used to irrigate the land. Wind-pumps could be used to pump water up wells and hills.

Water use could be minimised by using fog guns for some cleaning—these are just very fine jets of water that can be used for showers and cleaning vegetables (one pint will do one human).

Heating water is a problem that can be overcome in many ways. If petrol or diesel generators are used to provide power for a sound-light system the enormous amount of waste heat produced could be used to heat water. Simple flat plate absorbers can be made to heat water using the sun's energy.

## POWER





*How it's done now* Vast amounts of power are used at dinosaur festivals. Most of it goes on sound and light. Very little on fire, if it is made directly available to the people front of stage. An unnecessarily large amount of energy is used for lighting, so that the gangsters who paid \$1 million for the rights get half a meter's worth. The power is unimaginatively and unfortunately derived from enormous petrol and diesel generators and the main grid, even if wires have to be carried across miles. I don't try to reach the grid. Miles of highly dangerous high-voltage cables trail around and in some cases have caused frightening accidents.

*How it **all** be done* Power to the people, this system should be wired for open access to electricity for one and all. Power should be derived from the resources available on site. The methane and other gases derived from the decomposition of foods could be used to power a power plant converted petrol generators. Wind power could be used to perform mechanical tasks without converting to electricity. The sun's energy would probably be best used to directly heat enclosed structures and the water supply.

Anything would have to be done without insane lighting and all cables should be buried or carried overhead. Bonfires are inevitable so they might as well be done right. There is nothing that can be done about benzopyrenes, carbon dioxide, waste heat and the other by-products of bonfire making. As you can do make careful use of the fire as a heat source and cooking device as well as beautiful burn up! The whole exercise is yet another good reason for planting trees.

## FOOD

*How it's done now* Food concessions, like film rights, are an important element in the financing of a dinosaur festival. Consequently the food available tastes like shit and is a bomb. Once again, power is necessary. Few people cook their own food because no one has used cooking equipment available and it is rarely possible to have cooking gas delivered to trucks and food vans. As a way some beautiful vegetarian people ripped off at most of these are stuck in a minute can't escape by two old people who were put on a bus as a result. Long live the New Awakening, Revolution etc.

*How it **all** be done* Festivals could be an excuse for a gastronomic circus which must offer a vast of brown rice if that's more to your taste).

Different people cooking different things and passing them along. It would be good if some of the food could be grown in advance on the site. As much food as possible should be bought directly from local farmers and small holders. Low-energy methods of cooking such as those used by the Chinese should be employed. A few barrels of home-brewed wine and fly agaric sandwiches would not do any harm. Anything but caterers' hotdogs.

## SHELTER

*How it's done now* Most festivals make a rudimentary gesture to provide crash tents. These tend to be as crowded as the save slaps and immigrant ships belched out our great empire. Although the floor area is a ways extremely restricted the ceilings are normally extremely high so that the closely packed bodies don't, as might be expected, heat the tents up. The tents are made of materials which have no thermal insulation effect, so it does a deep mist if the wind and rain cut. No effort is made to cover the ground (which has the most significant freezing effect when you are sleeping).

The only effective shelter is either carried in by car or back to the form of campers' tents and tips, etc. or else improvised despite official hassles. Many people end up kipping in the open in the rain. Some of the best spontaneous responses to this situation were the instant shelters made in the case of Wight by stretching sheet plastic over the guy ropes outside big marquees.

*How it **all** be done* Shelter construction opens up wide fields for the application of creative energy. Some of the possibilities have already been partially explored. Tarpaulin structures made from bases of lay, wood and heavy dog pits (a la First World War) tents, tarpaulin sheeting, tort huts.

The local area should be scoured for sources of unwanted potential building materials such as floats from sawmills. Materials not readily available (e.g. sheets of black polythene) could be bought in bulk. Attention might be made to find a source of cheap tarpaulin as this could be an improvement on plastic. Caves, tree-walks, tree-huts, floating platforms, balloons and zeppelins might also be looked at.







THE FATHER OF THE FORT ST

## COMMUNICATION

*How it's done now:* The Communication tends to be one way. Do this. Do that (BUY e.g.) Any communication of the event to the outside world is filtered through the idiot media. We become performing monkeys for the dinosaur media (if we don't pull our dope-sex-appearance tricks they're not interested. Thank God). Internal communications are abysmal. All messages have to be channelled through one guy and one microphone. If he doesn't like your message you can forget it.

*How it could be done:* The best communication is mouth to mouth communication. That only happens in smallish gatherings where the spirit of co-operation flourishes. Therefore festivals should fulfil these criteria. A big notice board and a white wall or board plus waterproof crayons might help things along a bit. Publicity before the event should be minimal. Word of mouth should get enough people along and prevent the establishment of inaccurate expectations (far better to surprise than underwhelm).

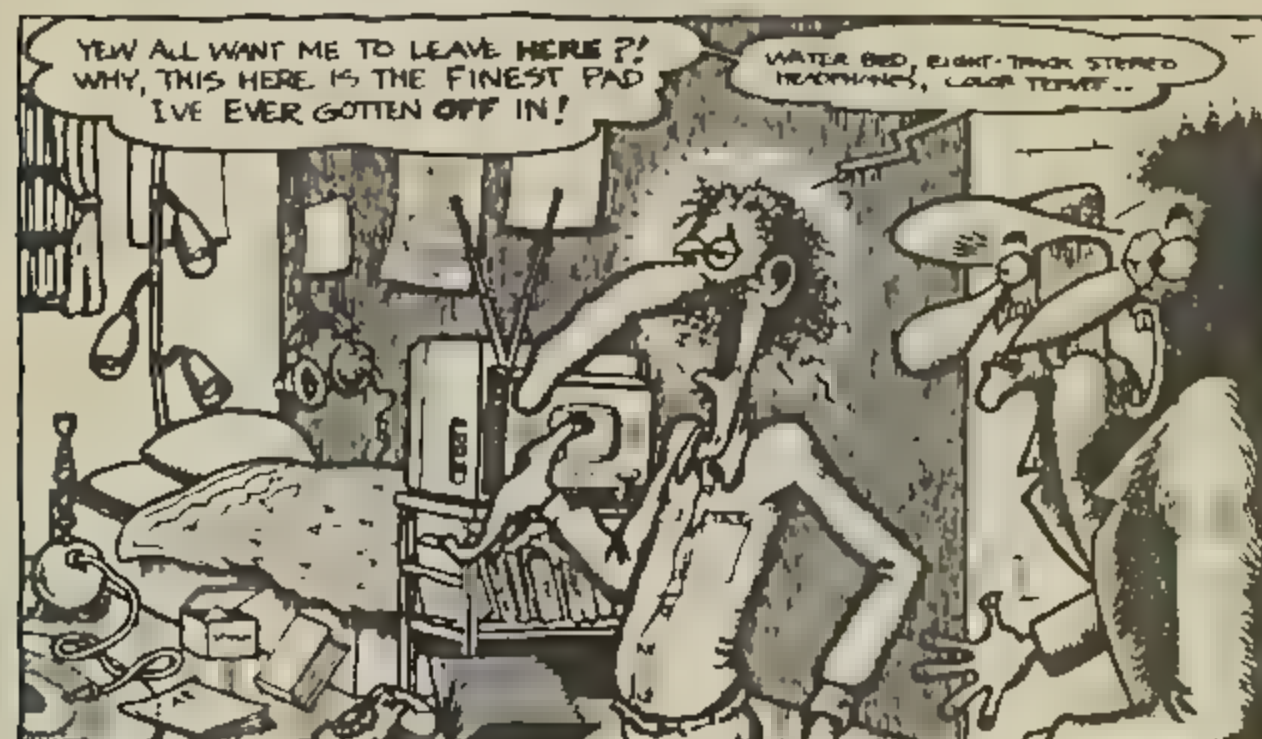
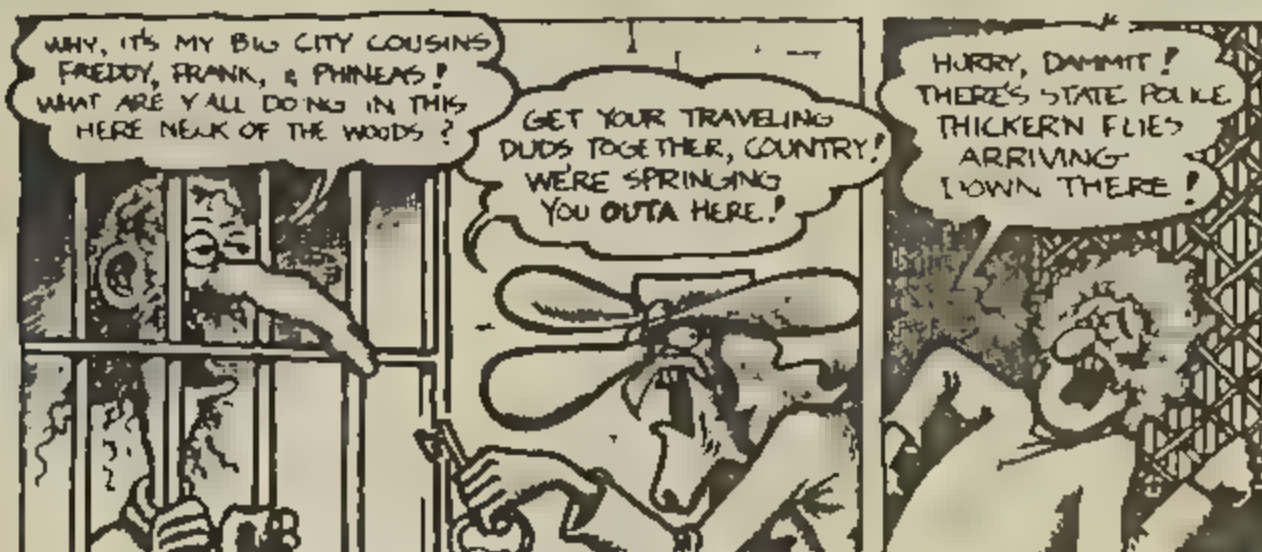
Every summer for the past three years I have gone through variations of the above fantasy with disgruntled festival shy musicians and others and been involved in unsuccessful plans to create a festival that works. These attempts were all abandoned because they were made far too late. It is time to start planning now for some time next year or the year after. A site has to be found. Maybe somebody's just bought a 50 acre farm in Wales and they wouldn't mind an influx of one or two thousand people who would fertilize and plough their land, plant some trees and perform other useful tricks. The 'festival' should be seen more as the creation of a short-life (days/weeks) community without an overemphasis on music or performance. Long before the whole community came together some of its members would have to start work digging ditches, growing food, building turd-decomposing units and so on. Money need not be any problem. The whole thing could be financed by getting paid to cart turds away from dinosaur festivals. These could be taken to the side and decomposed well in advance of the free festival so that fuel would be available from the word go. The ultimate realisation of my favourite equation *Money=Shit*.

Colin Moorcraft 1972

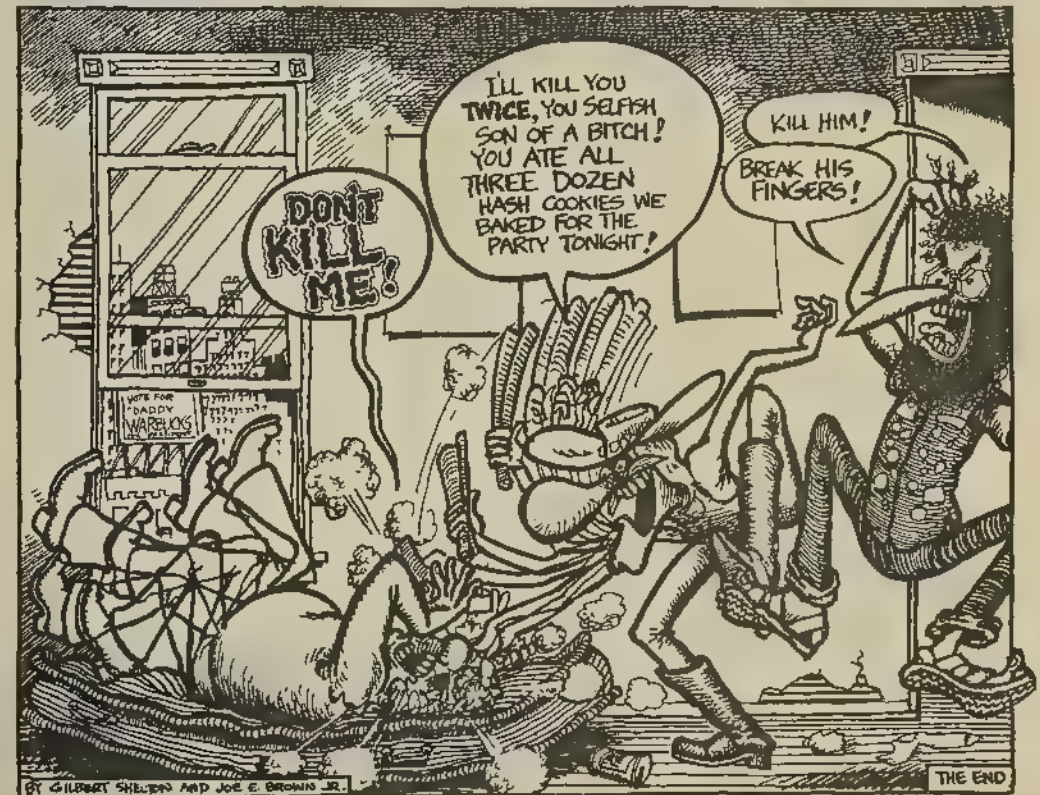


# THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

## SHOOTOUT AT THE COUNTY SLAMMER









# ORKNEY

Orkney lies off the North coast of Scotland, on one side is the Atlantic ocean and on the other the North Sea. There are deceptive and dangerous tides and the wind always blows. The Orkney islands divide up into three well defined parts—the Mainland, the North Isles and the South Isles. We were going to the Mainland.

Our first sight of Orkney is the cliff coast of Hoy. Most of the passengers on the ferry boat come out from the lounge to look at the 100 foot rock known as the Old Man of Hoy. A fine boulder—standing apart from the cliff in solitary splendour—made of the Old Sandstone that is the base of all the Orkney islands. After about two hours the ferry reaches the town of Stromness. Stromness is built from the local greyish stone, but quite beautiful. Our first surprise is to find that most of the roads in Stromness act as pavement as well, or perhaps that should be the other way round, for the roads are paved.

The landlord of the hotel we are to stay at meets us. We discover that we are actually the very first people to go on the special Archaeology Holiday organised by the Scottish Highlands and Islands Development Board. On the way back to the hotel we stop to pick up a box of still writhing crabs. I sit very still and try to pretend they are not behind me and that in any case they couldn't possibly climb out of their box and into my hair.

Orkney is beautiful but almost treeless. And flat and green. The hotel is the sort of house I'd like to live in. All brown wood and corridors. It looks out onto a loch. Our room is about 50 yards from the water's edge.

After dinner we go out to some nearby cliffs to look for some birds' nests that aren't there. But at the very edge of the cliff someone has set up the vertebra and rib of a whale in a T shape. We are told it is at least 80 years old.

The next day we are taken to Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys with a population of just over 4000. A majority of its streets are dual road pavements, lined with little shops with no obvious modern shop fronts. Orkney roads are war-

vellous to drive on, you hardly ever meet anyone else on the road and consequently most of the locals seem to like driving in the middle of the road. However, if they do meet another car they will slow down, move into the side and wave cheerily at each other, whether they have met before or not. Everyone waves at each other here.

Everywhere there are tiny grey crofts. It all gives the impression of an isolated but fertile land. Lots of nervous cows, lambs, sheep, fat pussy cats (two sit in the middle of the road, and rabbits).

Our first stop in our archaeological tour is Tankerness House, a beautiful building with lots of white paint and wood (a favourite combination of mine), dating from the 16th century, and now the city museum. It is built around a courtyard and has a beautiful garden at the back. The museum has examples of local crafts, one at least (straw plaiting) now sadly defunct. Surprising that the Highlands and Islands Development Board have not set up workshops to redevelop this craft.

The custodian is a friendly man called Jack (or Jock), gingery, scrappy, brown face and freckles. A really nice man, helpful and obviously in love with the island, its present and its past. It's a sore point with the islanders, and rapidly became one with us, that so many of the best archaeological discoveries have been taken away from Orkney to Edinburgh. Jock (or Jack) is very keen to tell us of all the undiscovered (or perhaps rediscovered) treasures of the islands. Of farmers of small crofts who would not be able to survive if say 10 of their 50 acres were taken over by archaeologists. Consequently what might be fascinating discoveries are ploughed furmied back into the land. And who can really blame them? Orkney is a hard place to survive in if you have to depend on your living from the land.

We leave the museum and head for Earl Patrick Stewart's Palace, just up the road. The custodian here is Jock's brother Willie, who loves his job, takes it very seriously and does everything possible to protect and care for the buildings in his charge. A marvellous man and we soon find ourselves involved in a long discussion with him. Willie is delighted to show us round the Palace and told us the story of the place in great detail. For almost 40 years the Stewarts' father and son—oppressed the people of Orkney so badly that ever today

*The Orkney islands, farflung outposts of the British Isles, comprise one of the largest archaeological sites in Europe, with evidence of human habitation for at least the last 4 thousand years. Today, the island communities represent possibly the ideal rural life, in their isolation from the hustle and bustle of the big cities most of us know only too well. Joy Farren writes about her recent holiday on the islands.*

Orkadians are still bitter about those years under the Stewart Earls. The Palace was literally built by slave labour, yet it is still a beautiful building in a remarkably good state of preservation, considering that at one time the Kirkwall Town Council used its roof to build another building and that the Orkadians used the Palace as a byre, as a place to keep boats, and even for a time a place to live for homeless families. And again, why not? It was their misery that built it.

Eventually reports of the conditions of the Orkadians were smuggled out by Bishop James Law and Earl Patrick Stewart and his bastard son Robert were executed. Earl Patrick is said to have laid his execution postponed until he was taught the Lord's Prayer, of which he was ignorant.

We leave Kirkwall and drive to the highest point on the Mainland. Eventually after much scrambling up and down the side of the rather steep hill we find the place we are looking for. Wideford Cairn. The cairn is a neolithic burial chamber cut into the side of the hill and overlooking the sea and distant islands. To get into it we climb down a narrow ladder and find ourselves standing in a rather dark and small chamber. According to the guide book the cairns, of which we are to see many more in the next few days, are 'family or communal tombs in which successive burials took place over considerable periods of time'.

It is a long and tiring climb back up to the road. We are exhausted, too tired to speak, or do anything except gaze at the passing scenery as we drive back to the hotel. In the evening we recover sufficiently to walk over to a nearby rabbit warren. We sit there in the dusk, as still as possible, hardly breathing. It gets colder and still the rabbits don't come out, eventually a few appear silhouetted in the pit slope. We walk back to the hotel tired but happy.

Our next stop is the Broch of Gurness at Aikerness. A very beautiful place. The 4000 year old Broch overlooks the sea and island's and the sea is an amazing combination of colours, purple through to deep, deep green. Everywhere there are birds.

Although the sun is shining, the Orkney wind blows quite strongly around the Broch. We are glad to find that the remains of the Broch are still windproof. In a way it was probably quite comfortable living in (or around) a Broch. It is thought the Broch towers were roughly circular with a base diameter of

approximately 40 to 80 feet. Galleries were built into the stone walls and winding up and through these galleries was a staircase reaching to the top of the tower. Brochs as a type are confined to Scotland and 85% of these are north of Inverness.

A particularly fine Viking grave was found at Gurness Broch. In it lay the skeleton of a woman, who had been buried fully dressed and two tortoiseshell brooches of fine bronze were found in the grave. A reminder of the rather more savage way of life was the discovery of the skeletons of two hands where they had been thrown unceremoniously into the kitchen midden. Five bronze rings were found on these hands.

By this time we have finished a film roll and discovered we are not sure how to take the film out of the camera. So we make a quick diversion into Stromness, where we find a friendly chemist who deals with the camera for us and insists that before we leave Orkney we should visit Marwick Heax and photograph the bird life there. This we promise to do and set out again this time we are going to the prehistoric village of Skara Brae. Skara Brae, like so many other monuments on Orkney, built close to the sea. It is a beautiful day so we stop to have lunch on the beach of the bay near Skara Brae. A marvellous black headed gull flies around and around us. Not afraid but too wary to come in close enough to steal our sandwiches. The sound of the sea, the birds calling and the sun shining. All this is so relaxing I would happily have stayed there all day but eventually we manage to get up and walk along the beach to Skara Brae.

It took an exceptional storm, even for Orkney, to reveal Skara Brae. In 1850 the gales ripped the grass from a high sand dune and the ruins of the ancient stone village were exposed to the world. However it was not until 1927 to 1930 that any extensive work was carried out on the village and this was after another terrible storm in 1925 had carried away part of the village already cleared. A sea wall was built and Skara Brae is now reasonably well protected from sea and storm.

The existing ruins consist of 7n self contained huts, connected by covered galleries (or alleys). The ruins are believed to date back at least 3000 years probably 4000. There are stone beds and stone cupboards, the whole thing looks like the construction of a particularly intelligent giant child. Again the collection of relics found there has been taken to Edinburgh.





# C&G

# KRUNCH

# EAT IT

## HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING

(from How to Live on Nothing by Joan Ranson Shortney)

- 1) Bags—use in cars as wastepaper baskets. In the sick room (or discarded tissues, etc.
- 2) Blackboard Chalk to mend holes in plaster walls. Simply drive the piece into the hole and cut off flush to the wall.
- 3) Bottles—use a long slender kind for a rolling pin.
- 4) Bottle caps—make a shoe scraper for outside the door. Nail the tops down with the fluted side upward.
- 5) Candle stubs—save them and melt together to make new candles using old bottles or milk cartons as moulds.
- 6) Corks—a used cork makes a handy pin holder. Anchor it on a candlestick. Corks can also be used for scouring cutlery.
- 7) Old felt hats—can be made into comfortable inner soles. Use a worn or loose inner sole as a pattern.
- 8) Lipstick case—when empty will make a travelling sewing kit for needles, pins, hooks and eyes.
- 9) Newspaper—don't forget newspaper is an insulating agent. Wrap frozen foods in several thicknesses. Several thicknesses of newspaper placed over the bed springs under your mattress will help insulate against the cold in winter.
- 10) Salt shakers—for home grown seeds. To sow—just shake out on the soil.
- 11) Tea—cold tea, having in it tannic acid is soothing for sunburn. It is also said to be a soothing poultice for tired eyes. Dip absorbant cotton into strong cold tea lie down and put these on closed eyelids for 15 mins.
- 12) Old toothbrush—can be used to clean typewriter keys and to get the dust out of your sewing machine.

A column only of "Krunch" for this issue partly due to the recent staff and address changes, but more specifically to my general untogetherness over the past two days.

I've been trying to contact Nick Landa on this press night in an attempt to bring you final details of COMCON'77, this year's convent on. So far not successful. Meanwhile over in the States, something is stirring and perhaps its "Black Man Comic". Featuring a black superhero "Black Man" (who else) battling villains like the giant black rat "Rodent" who eats ghetto kids and "Narcotic" whose hands have works instead of fingers (!) the publishers (who at the moment remain a mystery) hope to establish "a hero who black kids can look up to."

Later this year from Penguin we can expect their first venture into the comic medium using original material when they will publish a paperback novel, "using the comic form." Price round 40p 50p. No further details as of yet.

Also going into paperback form in the States is "Green Lantern" with a story based on that which appeared in issue 76 of the comic.

I've just seen the 100th edition of "The Avengers" and its a very special one featuring every one who has at any time been amongst those hallowed ranks. The story's good and the art by Barry Smith is as usual excellent.

In "Conan" No 16 you will find some more of Barry's work that was originally scheduled for publication in the Marvel adult venture which is now defunct, "Savage Tales." A major operation has been carried out so that the Damsel in distress is now presentable both to the Comics Code Authority and the younger reader although she is still scantily clad!

Finally a rumour that Bill Gaines of EC and "Mad" fame has taken over the editorial direction at DC. National could mean some drastic changes...

Thanks also to Trevor Wyatt for an invaluable assist this ish. Keep looking

## DISHES FOR JUNE

### HOT BOILED LETTUCE

Take two large cos. lettuces. Wash well and cut into 4 Put into sufficient boiling water (salted) to cover them well. Cook until tender, about 15 to 20 mins. Serve hot. When eaten vinegar and oil to individual taste should be used

### COLD MEAT SALAD

Take one thick slice of cold meat. Rub well with salt and cut into small squares. Wash one small head of lettuce and shake dry. Cut up a small onion finely and also chop two mint leaves. Mix everything together in a bowl and add a little cold potato (boned). Pour over this one tbsp. of oil and vinegar mixed. Add one yolk of a well-beaten egg into a tsp. of lemon juice, and the same of salad oil. Beat well and pour over the meat salad. Any cold green vegetables can be added to this and the different varieties will only make the salad more delicious.

### CHEESE TARTS

A little short pastry, an oz of cheese, a little milk, pepper, salt, butter, flour, mustard.

To 1 oz of cheese add 1/2 cup milk, salt, pepper and a lump of butter. Set on the stove to warm, and when the cheese has melted, add 1 small spoonful of flour mixed smooth in a little milk, a little made mustard, and let cook until of the consistency of thick cream. Set aside to cool. Roll out the pastry to a 1/4 of an inch in thickness, cut in circles with a pastry cutter, and line shallow patty pans with it. Put one tsp of the cheese mixture into each, and bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes. Can be eaten hot or cold. Cayenne pepper can be lightly sprinkled over the tarts.



# ROCK

## GREASY TRUCKERS PARTY

*Hawkwind, Man, Brinsley Schwarz and Mad Michael and friends (United Artists)*

A good cause if ever there was one. All proceeds of this double album from the record company as well as all artists involved will hopefully find their way to the Greasy Trucker's Fund where it will be used to finance their rock, community housing project. And for every copy they sell the Truckers earn another pound from a special trust, which is even better.

Recorded live at the Opening Party at the Roundhouse on 13th Feb 1972, this collection contains much good music coming from the auspices of Hawkwind, Man, and Brinsley Schwarz, and various other folk. A stand-out performance is Man giving a particularly fine rendering of the infamous "Spunk Rock" which takes up the whole of one side. Side two reveals to us our

old friends Hawkwind who can always be counted upon for such occasions. As usual they sound okay though listening to their performance here leaves me with an inclination to ponder over the merits of their present drummer. He's a rock and roller basically in his style: nothing wrong with that of course, but I don't think it particularly serves Hawkwind well. Grab the phones for "Master of the Universe" and you'll hear for yourself. Perhaps their old drummer Terry Ollis should be back behind the sticks.

I hear's he's in good shape. Seemingly acquiring something similar to the lazy confidence that is so beneficial to the Dead, Brinsley Schwarz really have developed into a fine little band. Music with a rolling country feel is their forte and here they give us a fair smack of it most notably on the "Midnight Train" Final.

Finally Magic Michael, who's an acquired taste to say the least, persists to us that the music belongs to the people. I've yet to

acquire the necessary taste, but some people might dig it. I dug the rest of the album and for just thirty shillings that can't be bad, can it.

PS Copies can be ordered from any shop (that's if they haven't already got it) or purchased directly from the groups at any of their gigs.

Bo

## BLACK OAK ARKANSAS Keep the Faith (Kinney)

Every morning about five, if you tune your radio into AFN, you can get an hour of country radio. Buck Owens, Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard and even a "Howdy Neighbours" DJ. The package comes complete with adverts urging you to go to church, and turn in your dopefiend friends for their own souls, it's a real treat, and it gives you an idea of the cultural base—teenpunk, reform school, country boys whose waist length hair has covered their red necks.

Their first album set the scene. Running country rock through fuzz and dementia to the outer limits of the good Captain, and although it was only a minor movement through onto the second, it still reinforces their solid country weird thing, as opposed to Alice Cooper's Detroit city weird.

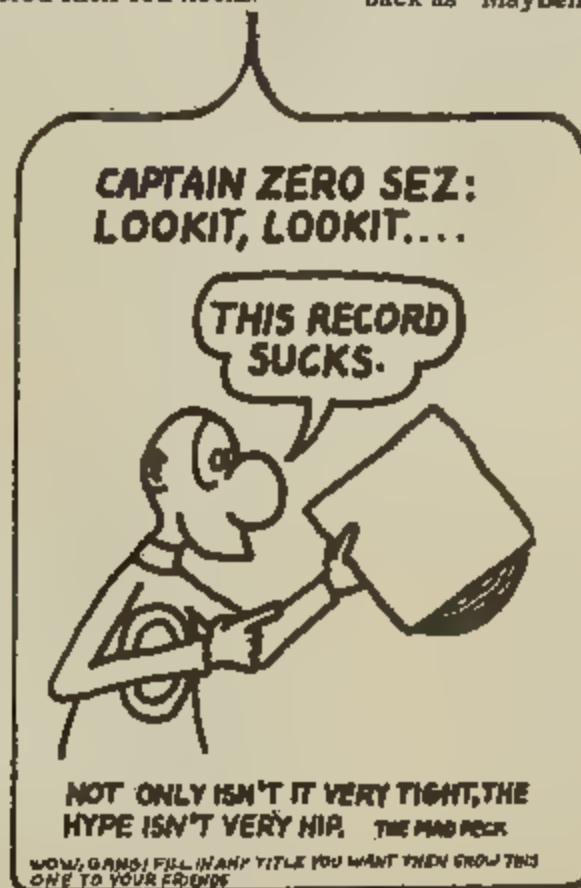
There is the danger that they could be dismissed as a calculated amalgam of Cooper and Beefheart. The saving factor is the ever present country roots that give it its unique psycho.

Mick Farren

## CHUCK BERRY Chuck Berry's Golden Decade (Chess) ELVIS PRESLEY Rock'n'Roll (RCA Victor)

Two essential albums to own for everyone who's interested in rock and roll.

The Chuck Berry set is a double containing all the original classics from as far back as "Maybellene", in





1955 and right round to '65 and "No Particular Place to Go." Recording quality is some what rough, perhaps with deliberation for the sake of 'feel.' However, it all adds to the merriment besides, in those days of old and two-track machines what would you expect miracles? (Most rock and roll addicts will argue that that's precisely what you

got anyway—miracles)

As is common with so many old fifties funkies, it's impossible to name all the personnel although the fantastic Johnny Johnson is at the keyboards on many tracks—second only to Berry himself, this man is the reason why these records are such good fun. Listen to him on "Sweet Little Sixteen" or its original flip, "Reelin' And Rockin'." But hold, did I say *all* the classics are here? Alas, this is not to be. Where then are "Carol" and "Little Queenie"? Where indeed.

Unfortunately there's always this problem with these hit packages, invariably some bozo slips up when it comes to compiling the album and so instead of those missing ladies we have here a couple of lesser items, namely "Havana Moon" and "Oh What A Feeling." Quite acceptable for what they are—a couple of fillers—but hardly in the context of this album, contributing to Chuck's Golden Decade. These apart, it's an invaluable set, highly recommended and well worth the three pounds you're going to lay out for it. Just one more criticism though before moving on to Elvis ....and a warning to you about the so-called "re-processed" stereo. It ain't good and leaves a lot to be desired, or perhaps even got rid of. Listening on the cans to "Sweet Little Sixteen" where half-way through every sound suddenly takes flight to

## He's driving mums in America mad with music that hits below the belt

your left ear for a few moments and for no particular reason at all, can be immensely irritating. I'm sure most people wouldn't mind a bit—would much prefer it in fact—if all these old classics were re-released retaining their original form. As Phil Spector put it in a more sane moment back to mono!

Slapping on the Presley platter we will find to our relief the reprocessed sound to be much better. Elvis sounds great here, his voice was amazingly good in those days. Twelve cuts are to be found on this album—re-released and for the first time in its original American form, all classics of their kind and all—bar one exception ("I'm Counting On You")—1954, 55, vintage

recordings from the Sun catalogue. There's no point in singing out any specific tracks because they are all excellent so just one word of advice. Listen. Coming wrapped in a suitably cheap-looking fifties aura styled cover (intentional or not, that's what it looks like), this record is quite expensive considering its old stuff, 'but still worth every penny. If Elvis' current output aimed specifically at the great market comprising Middle America turns you off, then these old tracks shouldn't fail to arrest you. Elvis was singing for love then and that can't be denied, its irresistible, isn't it.

Bo

FANNY  
Fanny Hull  
(Kinney)

Oh, boy, we said, another Fanny album and we hurried home to play it, and it was pretty much like the last and it had a Motown song and a Beatles song and it was pretty much like the last, you know, high stepped butch tootsies doing a drum majorette thing which owes as much to High School bands as to Kate Millett, just like it was on the last one, with good playing but too much of the Barbara Streisand moneyola production, only this one has Price and Keyes and a sleeve by David Bailey, whereas the sleeve on the last one was by Candice Bergen.

Mick Farren

NEW RIDERS OF  
THE PURPLE SAGE  
*Powerghde*  
(CBS)

With New Riders running all over the country, this album will probably attract as much attention as the last one, despite the notable absences of Garcia and Cody.

Although it's still nice relaxed country music, and "Hello Mary Lou" and "Wily and the Hand Jive" are little gems, it's short on the flashes that Garcia's guitar put into the first album.

Mick Farren

JIMI HENDRIX  
*At His Best*  
(Sagapan)

To the best of my ability I tried to be taken in. Honest.

A three-album set badly recorded at the New York home of pianist Mike Ephron and consisting of impromptu jam sessions featuring Hendrix pretty untethered in his music, with two anonymous musicians, one who plays the congoes and the other flute. Sixteen tracks in all, some with ridiculous

titles like "She Went To Bed With My Guitar". Obviously, Ephron is cashing in, more likely he gave the tunes their titles too, and as if proof of it, he takes all the composing credits. Can you beat that?

We don't need it or at best, one for the fanatics. Of that I'm not even sure though, because I'm a fanatic.

Bo

DR. JOHN  
*Dr. John's Gumbo*  
(Atlantic)

Here's where Dr. John comes in from the swamp and gets into a New Orleans thing, part Cajun, and part Louis Armstrong hot however-many. It substitutes the eerie mud dragging slowness for unashamed toe-tapping, prevalent brass and piano, giving a kind of electric Basin Street funeral.

The good Doctor's voice remains unchanged although this time, they seem to have gone a little far with the process of rolling both top and bottom off his voice.

Mick Farren



# BOOKS

## CONDOR BOOKS

Joy Farren

An interesting new imprint from Souvenir Press called Condor Books. Their first 4 titles are all books by Wilhelm Reich: *Listen Little Man* (£1.75 hb/76p paper), *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* (£3.50 hb/£1.50 paper), *Reich Speaks of Freud* (£2.75 hb/£1.00 paper), and *The Invasion of Compulsive Sex Morality* (£2.75 hb/£1 paper). Condor have exclusive rights to the Reich Estate and say they will publish further titles in 1973.

Wilhelm Reich is most famous for his theory of the orgasm and the use of its energy (orgone energy). He believed that proper use of this energy enabled a person to free himself and re-integrate his mind and body. Perhaps the best book to read (if you haven't read any Reich before) is *Listen Little Man*, a compact, deceptively simple little tale of how the man in the street misuses his opportunities, and fails to recognise his true friends *Listen Little Man* is illustrated rather nicely by

William Steig.

"You have no inkling of the fact that it is your pornographic mind and your sexual irresponsibility which put you in the shackles of your marriage laws. You feel yourself miserable and small, stinking, impotent, rigid, lifeless and empty. You have no woman, or if you have one, you only want to 'lay' her in order to prove the 'man' in you. You don't know what love is."

Incredibly (or perhaps not so) Wilhelm Reich died in prison, he was sentenced to 2 years for a violation of a Food & Drugs Administration injunction against him. He died on 3rd Nov 1957, 6 months before the completion of his sentence.

**NINE PRINCES IN AMBER** by Roger Zelazny, published by Faber & Faber, £1.75.

Although this has been out in the States since 1970, this is the first English publication and interesting it is indeed. This gives you Zelazny at his best and in some ways at his worst. The tale is of a rapidly paced Odyssey by Corwin, one of the Nine Princes of Amber,

as he attempts to gain the throne of Amber and to wrest it from the hands of his brother Eric. His father, Oberon, has vanished and may even be dead whilst other brothers are introduced along the way to aid and hinder our hero.

This produces plenty of action as Amber is the centre of creation and everywhere else is 'shadow'.

All the royal family of Amber are virtually immortal and in the fashion of certain lowly lizards of our own world they can regrow missing limbs, teeth, etc. Corwin battles with Eric first of all in good manly sword and sorcery style with drawn swords in the palace and later at the head of vast galactic wide armies.

Active stuff, and just the thing for a forty eight volume saga greater than Conan, Thongor, Edgar Rice Burroughs, the Grey Mouser and without doubt "comparable to the Lord of the Rings" (have you noticed how almost everything in this particular genre is just that?).

In fact, there seems to be more (and better) sword

and sorcery stuff being churned out now than ever before, since the boom days of the 30's. It sells well too, which may explain it. What crazies we must be to dig this stuff, grown men leaping around hacking each other, odd dragons, elves, pixies, and Crom knows what to bits, all under purpling skies with wizards in their Towers dotted across the landscape casting curses about and sending things to getcha.

Wierd and escapist it is (though what kind of escape it is to plunge into the dank, dread tombs of the Stygian night in ancient Kutchemes I really don't know) but it appears that it can be thought of as good and even win prizes—note Anne McCaffrey's Nebula for 'Dragon Rider', a piece outta the excellent Dragonflight book. I haven't seen any more of the adventures of the Princes of Amber but Zelazny has a basis here for lots of them and probably they will be cleaving, witching and wenching their way to your jaded nervous systems shortly.

Chris Rowley

# FILMS

by Gordian Troeder

## MADAME SIN

(David Greene 1972)

Astoria, Charing X Road

The programme starts off with a short film about Kenya and Tanzania which, apart from being worse than most others of its kind, has the distinctive feature of showing perhaps ten Africans in the whole half hour, and all of these are occupying menial positions as drivers waiters, etc.

Madame Sin is something else, but just as excruciating. The first few images of Robert Wagner in Hyde Park with Michael Gibb's music are pleasant enough and on the whole the direction is competent if not inspired, apart from Greene's occasional overuse of repetitive 'freaky' shots.

But it's when the film tries to grapple with its plot that the whole thing cascades into the waterfall of nonsense, and doesn't even manage to retain any of the catastrophe's charm.

Not only does the plot jump about, leaving large chunks of the story unexplained, it also manages to remain on one level throughout. All the subplots are implausible to say the least. And it isn't even funny.

Bette Davis doesn't waste her talent on this load of crap. She seems bored with the whole production and no-one else in the cast is

any different.

This is one of the films with which Scotia Barber up till now one of the smaller distributors, hope to hit the big time. One can only wish that their choice of product had been wiser.

## THE RULING CLASS

(Peter Medak 1972,

Odeon Haymarket

from 26 May

This is by far the best film I've seen this year, a blend of cinematic technique used to its full, and intelligent and humorous writing, and far out performances by Peter O'Toole, Arthur Lowe and Carolyn Seymour.

Where the film finds its strength is that it blends social comment with farce and finds an excellent vehicle in the portrayal of the English aristocracy.

The film sides fully with the individual and shows the audience that the creation of a sane human being but the destruction of a human being is all equipped for reality perhaps to then who needs the realities of atrocities, lies, hate, violence and war.

Somehow the subject matter and its realisation film did me a lot and delo, the Command a J.H. Arte. The film clearly owes a lot to the Italian farce and its precisely because it attacks you through laughter that it succeeds.

## THE ORGANISATION

London Weekend TV

Sundays 10.15

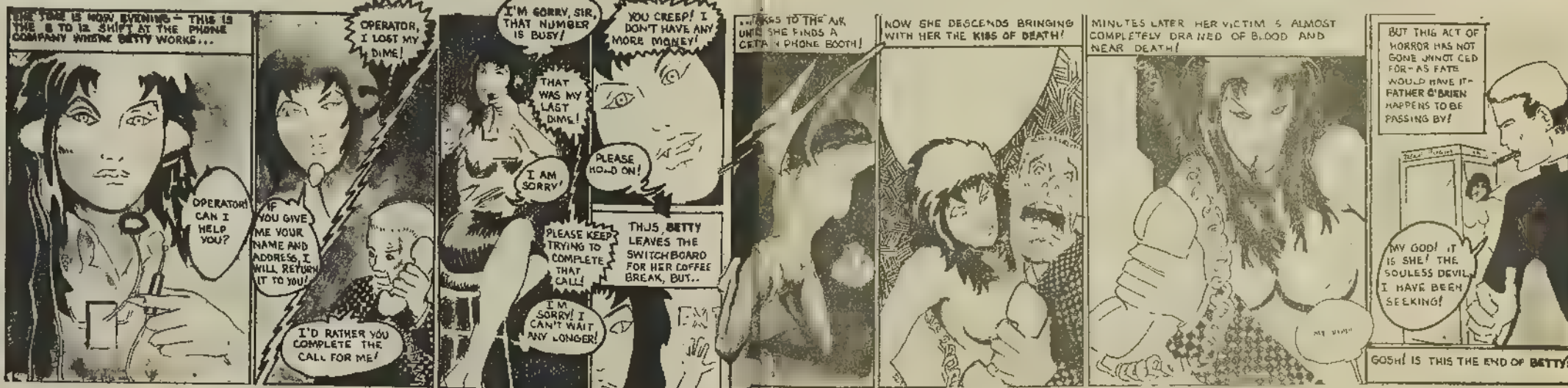
The only sad thing about the Organisation is that I didn't write about it sooner.

It's a series from Yorkshire TV which analyses takes apart the structures and the personalities who make up an Organisation PR department.

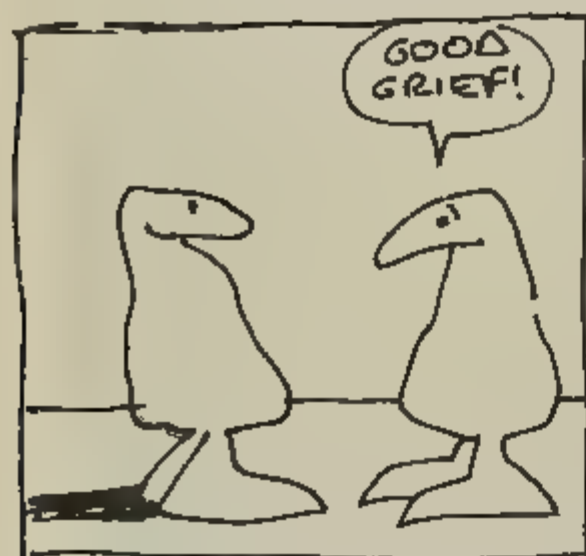
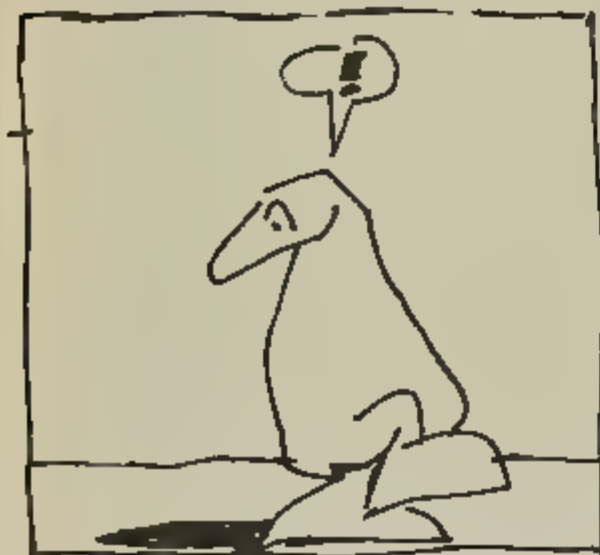
The two most notable elements which make up this enjoyable whole are the writing and the acting. All performances are good and, what is so necessary for the whole programme, totally believable. For one hour, the television set manages to become alive, a square peephole into the writers' reality. And here the fantasy becomes reality. For the most part, the dialogue seems slightly far fetched, recitatory and completely outside our conception of a world which most of us know little about.

And even though, for my eternal sins I have and still do occasionally work on commercials and therefore with PR people the writing in the Organisation does seem slightly exaggerated. That is until one recalls that the writer is trying to dramatise this documentary basis and in doing so has to get inside the frame and push it outwards some times through exaggeration.

BETTY BAT







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# NOTICE TO CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS:

We apologise for the non-appearance of classified advertisements in this IT, owing to our change of address and other hazards, but the ads. accepted will show up in our next fun-packed ish, on the streets 15 June. Please write to Joy, IT, 65 Chalk Farm Road, NW1 if the wording of your ad. needs changing because of this delay.



## OBJECTIONS TO GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE—J.S. Mill (1863)

- 1) Speaking Generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it.
- 2) In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than the government, as a means to their own mental education.
- 3) And the most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power.

John Stuart Mill (born 1806, died 1873) believed that an increase in the power of the state is prejudicial to liberty, that a distinction can be drawn between the part of human life "in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested" and the part "which chiefly interests society" and that liberty is infringed if the state interferes with the first part, that the most valuable element in human life is spontaneous choice, and that anything which is done by a compulsory power diminishes the scope of that choice and thus infringes liberty.

## ONLY ONE EARTH

by Barbara Ward and  
Rene Dubos, published  
by Andre Deutsch.  
£2.95.

This book was commissioned by the Secretary General of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment—but don't be put off by that. The book is simply written, almost like a school text book in its gentle pushing of information at you. It probably should be a school text book.

I'm not sure if I like this book. It does what it sets out to do, that is provide a comprehensive and balanced report on the world situation. On the other hand, it has no heart, it's so middle of the road, it's possible to read all the horrifying disgusting facts and have very little reaction to them. If this had been the first ecology book I'd read I would probably have been horrified, but it isn't, it's only the latest in a long line and it says nothing not said more strongly before. Personally I found it unsatisfactory.

Joy Farren

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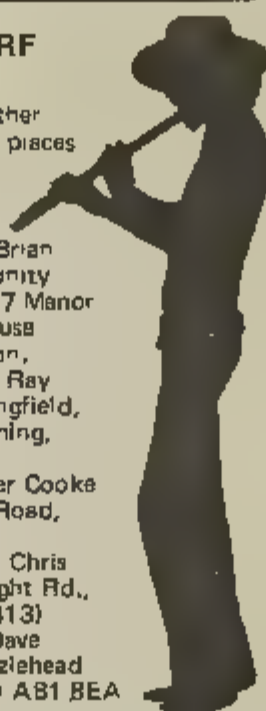
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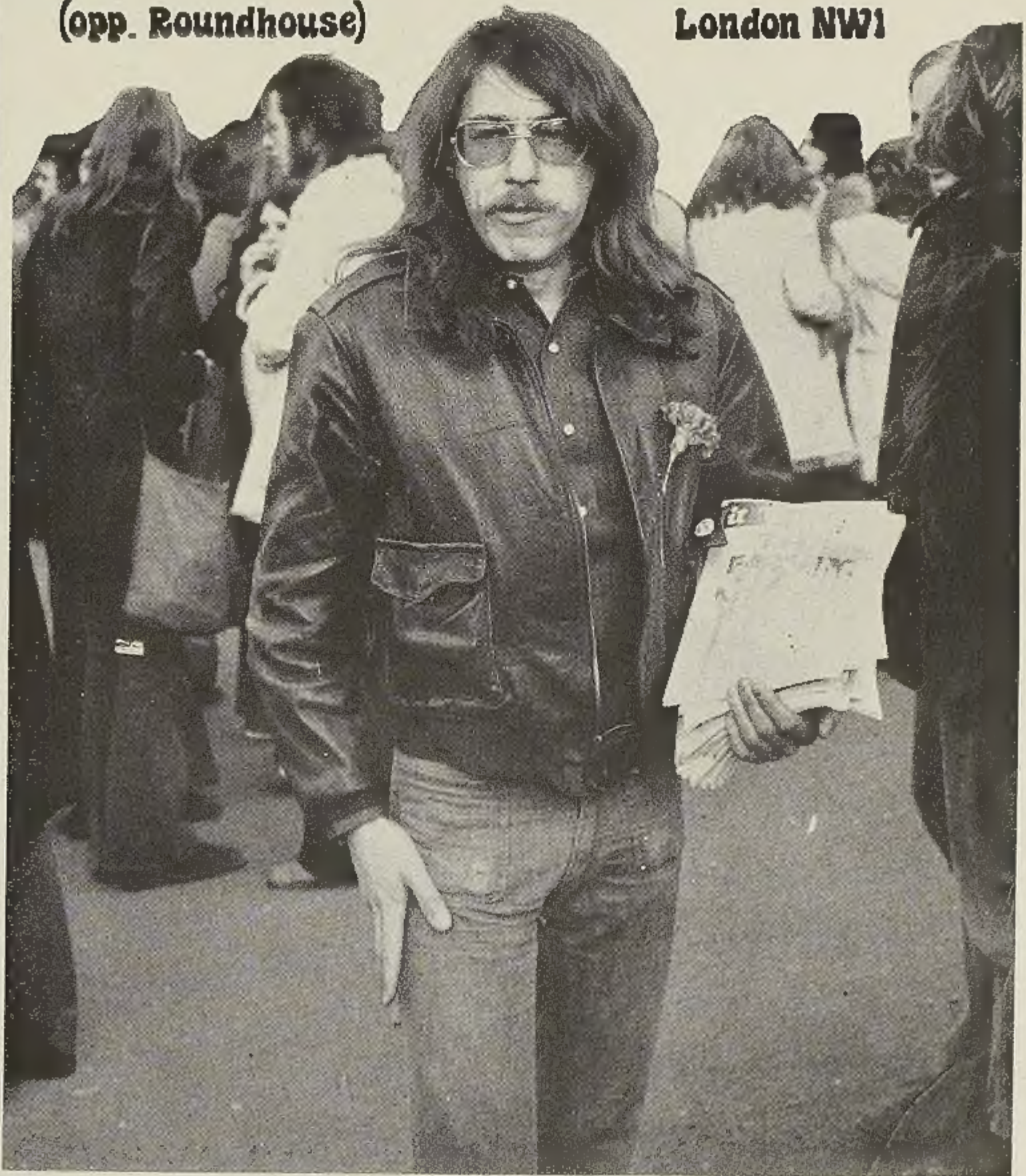
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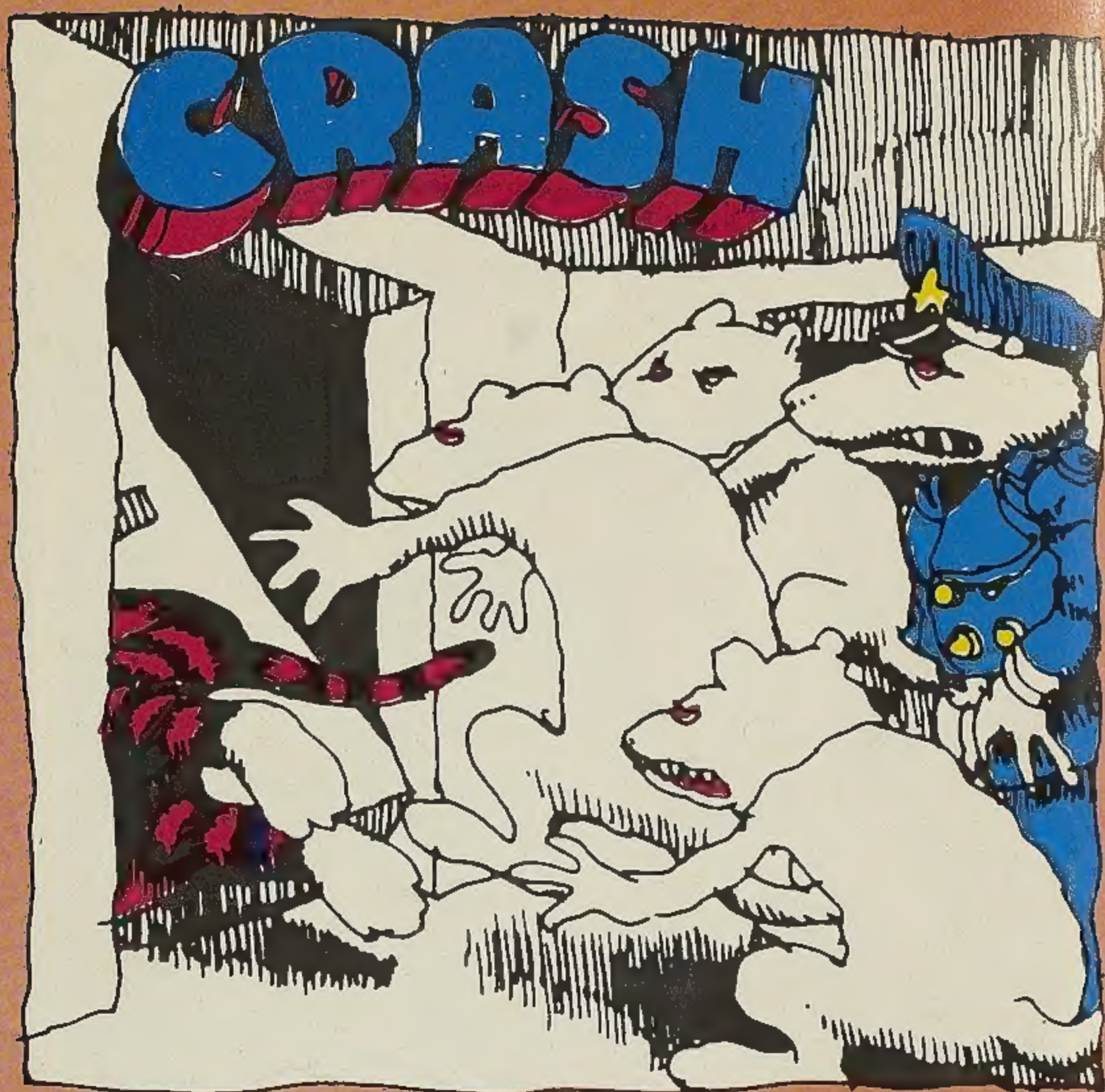
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